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THREEFOLD CORD

CHARLES WILLIAM PEARSON



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A THREEFOLD CORD

POEMS OF
RELIGION, LITERATURE
AND HUMANITY

BY
CHARLES WILLIAM PEARSON

AUTHOR OF

"THE CARPENTER PROPHET"

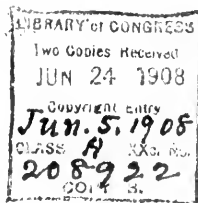
"LITERARY AND BIOGRAPHICAL ESSAYS"

"THE SEARCH AFTER TRUTH"



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Many of the poems in this collection have been published in magazines or newspapers, but are now for the first time gathered into one volume.

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RELIGION

THE CHURCH *

Man's empires sink, his languages decay,
And earth itself at last shall pass away;
But, founded on the everlasting Rock,
The Church will stand unhurt amid the shock.
Her deep foundations were by prophets laid;
Apostles' hands her goodly pillars made;
While far o'er all in majesty alone
Is Jesus Christ, the mighty Corner-stone.

When earth, the first creation, finished stood,
And the Creator had pronounced it good,
The morning stars went singing through the sky,
And all the sons of God were filled with joy;
And when Redemption's greater work is done,
And glory crowns what grace at first begun;
When God once more his high approval speaks,
And from the host of heaven in rapture breaks
A mighty chorus of according song,

* A part of this poem was published in 1891, under the title "Methodism," by the official publishers of the M. E. Church. Even then the poem was not exclusively devoted to one denomination, but as a tree is not known unless its trunk is traced downward to the root, it contained also a characterization of the Roman, Anglican and Congregational churches. In re-issuing the former "Methodism" in this volume the author has nevertheless thought it best to revise the poem by the omission of many denominational details of interest only to Methodists and by the addition of other matter in accordance with his later, and, as he believes, deeper and truer view of church history.

If disproportionate space still seems to be given to the Wesleyan movement, I can only say that "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." My father

And sevenfold symphonies the joy prolong,
Then, in that day of bliss beyond compare,
The humblest saint the Godhead's joy will share.

But distant still is Israel's glorious day,
Her pilgrim hosts still toil along their way;
From east and west, from north and south they
 come,
And seek afar the promised heavenly home.
The Muse in vain the forward steps would trace
Of all whose feet pursue the way of grace.
So wide a field her view may not command,
And so she follows but a single band;
Yet would she gladly speak a word of cheer
To every sister troop that marches near.

Not mine the narrow bigotry that sees
No good unless the creed with mine agrees.
Although their symbols may be far apart,

was a Methodist preacher, and in early manhood I too obeyed a resistless call to join the itinerant ranks, and it is, I hope, a pardonable fault to be swerved from a literary canon by personal gratitude and affection. Moreover, in delineating piety and heroism in any branch of the church, the historian in some measure sets forth the virtues of every sister communion; for the Christian character is everywhere the same.

The church is the kingdom of God upon earth, the holy city that came down out of heaven from God; and all religions are part of it, for God has made of one blood all nations of men, and his Holy Spirit enlightens every man that cometh into the world. In accordance with this conception, brief characterizations of Mohammedanism, Buddhism and Confucianism are included in the verse history of the universal church.

Yet worshipers may still be one in heart;
Diverging branches bear the self-same fruit,
If both draw life from the same hidden root;
And if to us Rome seems touched with decay,
Her branch has sure not withered quite away.
See good â KEMPIS for perfection strive,
And leave the world a pattern how to live;
See Saint BERNARD amid surrounding night
The double torch of faith and learning light;
Hear sweet Saint FRANCIS in his tender speech
Lessons of gentleness and mercy teach.
But these lived long ago! doth Rome to-day
The graces of her earlier times display?
NEWMAN has just ascended to the skies,
Upon his saintly virtues fix thine eyes;
See DARBOY on his deeds of mercy fly,
Like holy STEPHEN live, like STEPHEN die;
See DAMIEN seek the dread, plague-stricken spot,
That e'en the leper's soul may perish not;
In "IDA's Story" read a tale as sweet
As that our children's lips love to repeat;
And while we praise the "Dairyman's" meek flower,
That sheds such fragrance through its English
bower,
Let us no less admire a kindred bloom
That lends to *Italy* a like perfume.
Rarely has faith o'er sense a full constraint
Or grace the trophy of a wealthy saint,
Yet once again this miracle we hail
As many-millions DREXEL takes the veil.

The Church of England, venerable name,
How rich thy legacy of holy fame!
Scarce had the Lord ascended from the earth

When apostolic zeal gave thee thy birth;
Regions beyond where Roman eagles flew
The tireless heralds of the cross subdued.
In vain the Druid priests with craft oppose,
From year to year the spreading Gospel grows,
And manifests its wonder-working skill
The cold, dark heart with light and love to fill.
Such was thy heart, Saint ALBAN, till thy Lord
Transformed it by his life-renewing word;
The English proto-martyr, 'twas thy fame
To be the first to die for Jesus' name;
The stroke that slew thee was the final blow
Of pagan Rome, the Church's first great foe.
But scarce had Rome laid down the bloody sword
When from the north down poured the heathen
horde.

By savage Saxon and ferocious Dane
Thy shrines are plundered and thy servants slain;
The remnant, like ELIJAH, in distress
Flee to the mountains and the wilderness;
From the cold rocks they lift to heaven their eyes,
God marks their faith and hears their suppliant
cries.

The storm subsides, but now new dangers come,
The rites, the learning, and the snares of Rome;
The Church puts on fine gold and costly dress,
But stains and soils her robe of righteousness.
To raise her great cathedrals to the sky
She sells her grace, and makes God's word a lie;
With cunning waits the rich man's dying hour,
And on his weakness doubly plies her power;
Wakes fear and hope by every potent spell,
The joys of heaven, the agonies of hell;
Now fills with ecstasy, now with despair,

Till importunity makes her his heir.
Thus abbeyes won their rich, well-watered plains,
And monasteries spread their wide domains;
Bishops in wealth with richest nobles vied,
And Christian faith was lost in worldly pride.
Nay, greed of wealth increased with greater store;
Possessed of much, the Church still longed for more,
Cheapened her pardons, set her price on sin,
Lost her true power, her false success to win.

Christ's agony in evil's darkest night
The Church commemorates by sacred rite;
She takes the emblems given by the Lord,
And o'er them speaks the consecrating word;
Grateful, she pours the wine and breaks the bread
As types of broken body and blood shed.
But Rome profaned the sacred mystery,
And changed it to a gross idolatry;
Though Christ said, God is spirit, and is known
Not through mere sense, but through true faith
alone,

The bread itself her devotees adored,
And said a wafer held and was the Lord.
Rome taught that, when she celebrated mass,
She bought by blood of Christ true pardoning
grace;

That Jesus suffered bodily once more
With all the merit of his death of yore;
And yet she sold this awful sacrifice
Each day in every church for paltry price.
No wonder faith was shriveled into dust
And men turned from her altars in disgust!

Her begging friars, fat and importunate,
Swarmed through the land and haunted every gate,

And took e'en from the poorest of the poor
By plea or threat his necessary store;
Building therewith the vast and stately piles
In which they walked through carved and painted
aisles,

Gay chapter-houses, rich refectories
In which they lolled and banqueted at ease,
And spacious gardens, trimmed and terraced fair,
In which to walk and take the summer air.

"Worse," runs the bitter satire of the time,
"Even than Satan's sin these friars' crime,
For Satan bade the Saviour stones to take
And of them food for hunger's needs to make,
But building friars, in pride and pomp o'ergrown,
Take poor men's bread and change it into stone."
So Roman vice wide o'er the Church extends
And English virtue to corruption bends;
Gross, shameful scandals more and more prevail,
And doubts and heresies men's minds assail;
Evils unchecked grew stronger hour by hour,
And Hell exulted in her spreading power.

But they who think the Church may fall away,
And lose her heavenly strength by slow decay,
Or deem that she may sink by sudden shock
As some proud vessel when it strikes the rock,
Remember not that God's omnipotence
Is pledged to be her ever sure defense;
Her sorest trials do but purify,
Renew her strength, and raise her yet more high.
As purest metals come from hottest fires,
So noblest virtue from fierce tests aspires;
Where greatest sins and basest wrongs abound
There sturdiest champions of the right are found:

And persecution's darkest hour of night
Serves but to make the martyr's faith more bright.

So, when the Church was deepest sunk in shame
She neared the hour of her most noble fame ;
Upon her darkest night, to shine afar,
Rose WYCLIFFE like a bright and morning star ;
As Romish fables yet more monstrous grew,
Brave TYNDALE'S Bibles spread Christ's truth anew.
In vain Rome filled her dungeons, heaped her fires,
Unshaken still, the saint of God expires.
Meek THOMAS BILNEY once his lord denied ;
Then, sore repenting, cast his fears aside,
Recalled his incantation, and at last
On wings of unfelt fire to glory passed.
And shrinking CRANMER, sorely tried in heart,
To conscience captive, chose the better part ;
His earthly pomp and coronet laid down
That he might wear the martyr's nobler crown.
HOOPER and RIDLEY bravely bore their pain,
Counting their earthly loss a heavenly gain ;
And 'mid his fagots LATIMER could shout,
" We light a candle that shall ne'er go out."
Christ's strength sustains e'en woman's feeble frame,
And glad she suffers for her Saviour's name ;
Forgetting self, ANN ASKEWE, with a faith
That conquered all the bitter pains of death,
For those who slew her poured the Christlike prayer,
" Pity their ignorance, O Lord, and spare !"

But time would fail to tell of all who stood
And, strong in God, resisted unto blood ;
Their record is on high ; if earthly fame
Attend their deeds or darkness veil their name,
To them it matters not, in that sweet rest

And perfect joy in which God's saints are blest;
Their works do follow them, and holy fruits
Of faith and love still grow from those deep roots.

The Reformation woke the Church to life;
Alas! it also waked sectarian strife;
So long and keen the theologic jars,
At last they issued in fierce civil wars.
Much the Church suffered in this sad debate,
And Zion, humbled, mourned her lost estate;
While laborers war, the soil remains untilled,
And now rank weeds o'erspread God's holy field;
The sheep, no longer to the pastures led,
Pine in neglect, unshepherded, unfed.

When Toleration sheathed at length the sword
Hate smoldered on and blazed up at a word;
Defeat had left the Nonconformist sore,
Success inflamed the Churchman's pride the more;
As worldliness and sloth the more prevailed,
The more the skeptic's arguments assailed;
The infidel poured forth his scorn and said,
Exulting, "See, the Church of Christ is dead."
So, when the traveler from a mountain height,
As far and wide he strains his aching sight,
While only snow-clad peaks on peaks appear,
Surveys the landscape with a shuddering fear,
And says, with sinking heart, "The realm of death
is here."

Vain fear! unmarked by superficial eye,
'Neath sheltering cliffs, what fruitful valleys lie;
As he descends what changes hour by hour,
Here waves the ripening grain, there springs the
smiling flower.

So the dark record of the faults and crimes
That history makes of those ignoble times
Is but the sullen surface of the waste
Which storms have scarred and angry winds defaced.
If shameful simony affront God's grace,
And vicious priests profane the holy place;
If worldly bishops fill neglected sees,
And absent rectors hold pluralities;
If squalor, ignorance, and vice abound,
And untaught masses hear no gospel sound,
E'en in the darkness of that evil day,
Such time as did ELIJAH's soul dismay,
A faithful remnant, loyal still to God,
Undimmed in zeal, the path to Zion trod.

Let not the vices of the crowd condemn
The faithful few who sought the tide to stem.
Bear witness, humble rectories, that yet
Pure godliness and simple faith are met;
That if the great and golden lights burn dim,
Some still are found their humbler lamps to trim.

Detraction's voice has sounded overloud,
For marvels ever please the thoughtless crowd;
The trunk that bore JOHN WESLEY as its shoot
Had plainly not yet withered to the root.
Her children from this ancient mother sprung
Will not upbraid her with a heedless tongue.
From her we have our richest heritage,
Our history has with hers a common page.
We are not rivals like the briar and thorn,
That more rejoice the more their foes are torn;
But, like the fertile olive and rich vine,
In precious fruits alone we would outshine.
Reformed, not revolutionized, thou hast

Ne'er broken with the great historic past ;
Freed from the yoke, purged from the papal stain,
Thy ancient monuments and forms remain.
Thine are those mighty shrines of prayer and praise
Which bow the soul and then to heaven upraise.
Thy noble ritual is sure defense
'Gainst weak caprice or crude irreverence ;
Thine is the glorious anthem and the choir
Of seraph voices that in song aspire ;
Thine are the sacred liturgies more sweet
As generations the same prayers repeat,
More deeply hallowed as from sire to son
The holy immemorial words pass on,
With ever richer fragrance round them shed
By filial reverence for the sainted dead,
Binding the earlier and the later days
In one continual chain of prayer and praise.
Go on, great Church, still make thy faith to shine,
And with thy might help on the work divine ;
Still, fervor with propriety unite,
And pour on truth thy learning's steady light ;
Still onward press to nobler, holier deed,
In all of good be God thy help and speed.

When summer drought has parched the thirsting
plain,
How grateful to the fainting earth the rain !
New beauty follows the refreshing shower,
The drooping stalk shoots upward with new power,
The streamlets flow, the dried-up fountains spring,
The silent birds begin again to sing.

So, when a Church has languished, and the breath
Of unbelief seems touching her with death,

When only hollow form and chill routine
In place of faith and hope and love are seen,
How blessed in such season is the word
Of one who comes as prophet of the Lord!

The God who sent forth ABRAHAM to bless
All nations by his faith and righteousness;
Who gave to captive Israel in their need
A MOSES to deliver and to lead;
Whose voice transformed the persecuting SAUL,
And made of him the flaming herald PAUL;
Whose presence with his Church abideth still,
And living Spirit quickeneth whom he will;
Who gives to each the supplicated grace,
And fits each for his own peculiar place;
When evils in the English Church prevailed,
Her arms were weak and her defenses failed,
Raised up new captains in the trying hour
To storm again the gates of hell with power,
To set the fast-bound slaves of Satan free,
And lead the hosts of Christ to victory.

Not of a weak or shallow worldly line,
But from heroic fathers heroes shine;
Prophets and leaders come of mighty race,
Long trained by Providence e'er called by grace.
A great re-builder of the faith decayed,
A new law-giver, saint, apostle, head,
JOHN WESLEY stands on high in holy fame,
And sacred honors cluster round his name;
But not to him alone belongs the praise
Of all the virtue that his life displays;
He higher raised hereditary worth,
And stronger showed ancestral virtue forth;

In God's good time he bore the splendid fruit;
But far beneath we seek the strengthening root.

Upon the WESLEY arms the scallop-shell,
If it could speak, might have a tale to tell
Of brave and pious champions who bore
The cross in triumph on the sacred shore;
Fighting itinerants with zeal more blind
But not more fervent than the peaceful kind
Who later formed JOHN WESLEY's marching host,
And land and sea to bear the Gospel crossed.

When Moslem wars were o'er, the sturdy race
Of WESLEY in the ranks of peace we trace;
Vicars and rectors in succession run,
And show how faith passed on from sire to son;
In humble labors glide their lives along,
Streams hid and silent, but yet deep and strong.
But churlish tyranny unsheathes her sword,
And bids the prophets preach but at her word;
Soft blandishments allure the docile priest
And hireling shepherd to the "shearer's feast;"
But poverty and stripes, exile and chains,
The lot of him who true to God remains.
JOHN WESLEY's grandsire, also JOHN by name
(In nature, too, the heroes are the same),
Feeling himself commissioned from on high
To preach the Gospel, dared the law defy.
In vain the cruel statutes hunt him down,
Pursue his steps, and drive from town to town;
Like PAUL, in prisons oft, but unsubdued,
Firm to the end the faithful martyr stood.

Amid sin's wastes once more see Eden bloom
Where piety and love create the home!

Where parents rule with just and tender sway,
And children in the fear of God obey;
Where erring human wisdom rightly guides,
Because o'er all the grace divine presides.
In such a home as this JOHN WESLEY grew;
From parents such as these he virtue drew.
The rectory of *Epworth* is the fount
To which all streams of Methodism mount.

In the good *Epworth* rector's long career
The sturdy virtues of his line appear.
When popish JAMES o'errides the kingdom's laws,
Buys up the venal, and the weak o'erawes,
How SAMUEL WESLEY's honest spirit burns,
And his pure soul a base promotion spurns!
Poor, yet unflinching, no bribe nor decree
Can make him swerve from higher loyalty.
The same stout courage that a king defied,
The fury of a rabble dares abide;
In vain the mob assails the faithful priest,
Their injuries the pastor's zeal increased;
Tried almost in extremity of ill,
The godly man is brave and patient still:
His cattle maimed, his house burned o'er his head,
He seeks the shelter of a neighboring shed,
And, kneeling 'mid his sympathizing friends,
For children spared warm thanks to heaven he sends.
"Nor yet unmentioned shall in silence lie
His slighted and derided poetry.
Whate'er his strains, still glorious was his end,
Faith to assert and virtue to defend;
He sung how God the Saviour deigned to expire;
With VIDA's piety, though not his fire,
Deduced his Maker's praise from age to age,

Through the long annals of the sacred page.”
His lines may feebly creep or lamely halt,
But, while you mark his Muse’s every fault,
Mark, too, the nobler lyrics of his son,
And see parental influence go on;
The father’s rugged labors gave the bent,
And, though unwinged, he wings to genius lent.
Brave, godly man, he lived a faithful life,
Sustained through all his years of earthly strife
By the abiding peace within the heart
The Holy Spirit’s presence doth impart,
Till, as he put on immortality,
Hope brighter grew and rose to prophecy;
Hailing, like SIMON, a coming day
Of faith and power, he passed in peace away.

When high in air a noble tree ascends,
There broad and deep beneath the soil extends
The secret source of strength, the mighty roots
From which the visible perfection shoots;
So, when a race or class of men displays
Some splendid quality that wins our praise,
The wise will look beneath the outward show
For the deep roots on which such virtues grow.
Whence, then, do the great deeds of heroes come?
They find their inspiration in the home,
And oft as noble lives we closely scan,
’Tis woman’s virtue that shines forth in man.

The courage which a tyrant king withstood
MOSES drew from his fearless mother’s blood;
Defying the Egyptian’s stern command
That doomed male Hebrew children in the land,
She saved more than her son; her act gave place

In him to faith and love that saved a race.
Angelic visions ere his birth disclose
Whence SAMPSON'S zeal and love of country rose;
And SAMUEL'S dedicated life declares
The virtue of a pious mother's prayers.
If TIMOTHY is in the Scriptures wise,
The mind to LOIS and EUNICE flies.
Nay, so resistlessly flows on the tide
Of faith and hope by one great soul supplied,
That generations do not break its force,
Or turn the mighty current from its course.
Unshaken in extremity of ill,
See RUTH the Moabite's faithful still;
She to NAOMI pleads, I will be thine,
In life and death thy home and God are mine.
Such natures are not subject to decay,
Nor with one life pass from the earth away;
They shape the future by their power divine,
And form the virtues of a lengthened line.
Is it a dream that traces to this spring
The faith and courage of the psalmist king?
And is it fancy that as one by one
The generations of her race go on
They keep as their inheritance the truth
Transmitted from the loving heart of RUTH,
Till on this stalk of long-developed power
Grew MARY, womanhood's consummate flower?
So, while the rector's influence we trace,
Our annals give his spouse the larger place;
A loving daughter, a devoted wife,
A perfect mother, history writes her life.
Her children numerous, her wealth but small,
Her busy skill made it enough for all;
A MARTHA, all her service was complete,

A MARY, too, she sat at Jesus' feet.
Her time divided by exactest rule,
Six hours each day she taught her little school;
With patient care informed each childish mind,
By fond example made each young heart kind.
Each morn, each eve, the psalm or hymn was sung,
And prayer repeated by their every tongue;
Nay, more, with such solicitude she yearned,
And for her children with such ardor burned,
That oft with each she sought the hallowed place
Of secret prayer, and met God face to face.
So taught, so trained, her sons and daughters praise
And walk like her in wisdom's holy ways;
And when her sons are princes of the Lord,
And waiting multitudes attend their word,
A DEBORAH in Israel she appears,
In wisdom guiding to her latest years.

Taught by a mother such as this, a child
Will walk amid temptations undefiled;
Or, if he err in some forgetful hour,
Will not remain the slave of evil power;
Remorse for sin will haunt him day by day
Till penitence has washed the stain away.
Welcome the sinner whensoe'er he turns,
For hope exists long as life's taper burns;
And grace can save e'en to the uttermost
Those who in sin and misery are lost;
But, O, thrice blessèd those who never stray,
Whose childish feet walk in true wisdom's way;
Who steadily in truth and virtue grow,
And sin's deep scars and sorrows never know!
These closest follow where the Saviour trod,
Whose beauteous childhood pleased both man and
God;

To such as these peculiar grace is given,
Of such as these the kingdom is of heaven,
For such as these the Church prepares her home,
Repeats her Master's invitation, "Come."

In learned halls, where old tradition sways,
And the long past a strange enchantment lays,
Where cluster many a lofty spire and dome,
There Methodism finds its second home;
In venerable *Oxford's* learned shade
Its earliest class is formed, its first rules made.
To rise betimes, be sober, fast, and pray,
In useful labors spend the livelong day,
Visit the sick, supply the prisoner's need,
Seek the lost sheep, and to the Shepherd lead —
'Tis thus these early Methodists reveal
Their faith by works, their love by holy zeal.
E'en then 'twas discipline that made them strong,
And gave the triumphs that to skill belong;
They fought not blindly, beating but the air,
But were as wise to plan as brave to dare;
A noble band the "Holy Club" go forth,
And many a field of triumph shows their worth.
But where the leader of this little band?
His zeal has led him to a foreign strand.
Fain would he serve where there is greatest need,
Where deepest sorrows with his pity plead.
And so he leaves old *England's* pleasant fields,
And all the good his native country yields,
Its halls of learning and its bowers of ease,
To brave the perils of the stormy seas,
To thread deep wilds, to teach a savage race,
Cheer the dark wigwam, light the stolid face.

In vain his zeal. War's jealousy prevents
His entrance to the wandering red-man's tents;
So turning thence, we see him next explore
Sparse settlements, and teach from door to door;
French, Germans, Spaniards are his brothers all;
In their own tongue he gives to each Christ's call.
The pastor also of an English band,
He guides with strong but not judicious hand;
A stiff High Churchman, each appointed rite
Is full of mystic virtue in his sight;
Inflexibly he follows every form,
Nor heeds the mutterings of the coming storm;
Misunderstandings grew, and foes increased,
Till home again fled back the harassed priest.

He who went out to teach now fain would learn,
And deep heart-searchings follow his return.
The zealous labors of the Pharisee
Had failed to set his struggling spirit free;
A trembling servant, not a trusting son,
He felt no joy in all that he had done;
When shall his weary, legal bondage cease?
How shall he find abiding, perfect peace?
He who the lily clothes, the sparrow feeds,
Doth not forget the human spirit's needs;
Where'er is found a humble, contrite heart,
There love divine will needed help impart.

How many a wondrous channel has God's grace!
How streams of blessings flow from place to place!
England through WYCLIFFE once had been the
source
Of gospel truth which, in its ceaseless course
Still flowing on, now from Moravian mount

Returns again to bless its earlier fount.
From wise and prudent oft remain concealed
Truths to more plain and humble souls revealed;
A learned SAUL, groping in double night,
From simple ANANIAS gains his sight;
So WESLEY in distress to BÖHLER turns,
And polished *Oxford* from rude *Herrnhut* learns.
His heart is "strangely warmed," he now believes,
And long-sought peace and strength his soul receives;
Filled with the Holy Ghost, baptized with fire,
No dangers now appall, no labors tire;
The world is now his parish; every-where
While life shall last he will his witness bear.

For half a century the man of God
The toilsome pathway of his duty trod;
Nor summer heat, nor winter's cold could stay
The great itinerant upon his way;
O'er treach'rous swamps, o'er mountain pathway
steep,
The faithful shepherd sought his Master's sheep;
In perils oft, in poverty and pain,
He labored on the souls of men to gain.
He showed the sign the Lord esteemed most sure,
And preached the Gospel to the humble poor;
To them how sweet and tender was his tone
As he made all God's grace and mercy known:
"Blest are ye poor, your sins shall be forgiven;
For you wide open stands the gate of heaven."
But changed his voice when DIVES listening stands,—
Then he presents the Gospel's stern demands,
Then vengeance flashes her two-edged sword,
And terrors wait upon his warning word:

“Ye who spurn Christ in every poor man’s shape,
Ye proud oppressors, how shall ye escape?
Extortioners, your wrongful gains restore,
Ere yet too late your angry God implore.”

All over *England* souls that mourned in grief,
Poor burdened sinners, found a glad relief;
Believed that God would welcome and forgive,
That e’en the vilest now might turn and live;
That in one moment those that sought God’s face
Were made the sons and daughters of his grace;
And that his Spirit would the witness bear
To their adoption and the Father’s care.

Like an angelic herald through the sky
See far and wide the flaming WHITEFIELD fly,
While o’er responsive multitudes there rung
The changing accents of that wondrous tongue,
Now pealing like a trumpet from above,
Now breathing gentlest, tenderest notes of love.

Crowds that no arch but that of heaven could span
Flocked every-where to hear the wondrous man;
In solemn awe they listen to his word,
Or sigh or sob by strange emotion stirred;
And when the pent-up feelings found their vent,
And heart-felt hymns of praise to heaven were sent,
So rich, so deep the swelling tide of song,
Its mighty echoes rolled for miles along.
’Twas like a new evangel from above
To hear him speak our heavenly Father’s love;
Poor colliers, for whose souls no man had cared,
Whose voiceless woes no pitying heart had shared;
Who, buried from all hope, deep underground,

In ignorance and brutish vice were found,
Climbed from the pits the words of life to hear,
Received with joy, while the unheeded tear
Trickled its way, a rivulet of white,
Down the grimed face, through all its blackness
bright.

Behold the wonders of the heavenly grace,
The same alike in every age and place!
Down in the deepest darkness of the mines
The brightest radiance of the Gospel shines;
There humble followers praised their Saviour's
name,

Thence martyrs passed in chariots of flame;
We walk the somber aisles with rev'rent tread
Of these rude catacombs where toiled our dead.

Christ taught on mountains and beside the sea,
And in the fields and lanes of *Galilee*;
And these disciples, following their Lord,
On moors and highways preached the living word;
The more the Church against them shut its door,
They sowed good seed on open ground the more.
Assistants multiplied on every hand,
And helped to spread the Gospel o'er the land;
Constrained by love of Christ who freely gave,
Freely they sought the souls of men to save;
Men who toiled hard six days for daily bread
To unpaid toil for Christ the seventh sped.
How humble is the local preacher's name!
Yet, if unknown to any earthly fame,
A nobler fame is still his happy lot;
By Christ no cup of water is forgot,
And these the living water oft supplied,
And for his sake the soul's thirst satisfied.

By power divine the hearts of men were reached,
And converts followed every sermon preached.

But Satan raged to see his kingdom fall,
And all his legions rallied at his call;
Rude, lawless mobs the Methodists assail,
And lawless judges order them to jail.
Buffoons and players half whose gains were gone,
And ale-house keepers with their trade undone,
All men of evil life who would not brook
Their sins should meet with stern, direct rebuke;
Clergy ordained, yet negligent, to preach,
Jealous that any but themselves should teach,
Scorned the itinerants, opposed their word,
And the base rabble into anger stirred.
Oft when they sought the Gospel to declare
Curses and blasphemies pollute the air,
Horns blow, drums beat, the preacher's voice to
drown,
Or brutal hands attempt to strike him down.
They stone him, beat him, shamefully defile,
And count both messenger and message vile;
Yet while the blood streams down his wounded face
He ceases not to preach the word of grace.

Bull-baiting *Wednesbury*, Satan's seat,
Assaulted WESLEY on the public street,
Dragged him with ribald jeers from town to town,
And sought with clubs to beat the good man down;
But God, who can the mouths of lions close,
Saved him from death amid his brutal foes;
Vainly the angry men their clubs upraise,
The fearless saint for God's protection prays,
When suddenly the leader of the band

Is changed in heart, and drops his threat'ning hand,
Risks his own life his victim to defend,
And is henceforth his follower and friend.
Nay, in this place so fiercely for a time
The rabble raged that it was held a crime
To be a simple member of the band
Who dared with the derided WESLEY stand.
They spoiled their goods and shamefully ill-used
E'en women who to yield their faith refused;
Where lived a Methodist was told to all
By broken windows and by battered wall;
Yet 'mid fierce wolves their Shepherd kept in peace
The faithful flock, and made it to increase.

Met every-where with calumny and ill,
Yet Methodism spreads and prospers still;
Its converts are by thousands multiplied,
And, like a MOSES, WESLEY now must guide;
These multitudes through dangers he must lead,
'Mid spiritual famine he must feed,
And to the skillful use of arms must train
Sin's rescued slaves who would the kingdom gain.
Confronted with the superhuman tasks,
In prayer importunate he wisdom asks.
No mere philosopher with weak conceit,
That puny man is in himself complete;
God was his source of help, he sought his will,
And, as he knew it, labored to fulfill;
He had that mighty and o'ercoming faith
That even to opposing mountains saith,
"Be thou removed and cast into the sea,"
Prevails o'er Satan's self and bids him flee,
Raises the dead in trespasses and sins,
And as by violence the kingdom wins.

So led himself, he leads his people on,
And mighty works by feeble means are done;
From loving penury pour forth supplies,
And as by magic chapels swiftly rise.
If few trained clergy in the work are found,
Preachers from life's more rugged walks abound;
The flames of holy love so brightly glow
That from the shop, from bench and forge there go
Men warm of heart and eloquent of speech,
Who, though untaught themselves, are apt to teach.
They thrust no commentator's gloss between
The text and hearer, for themselves had seen
And felt the mighty truths they would impart,
And so they spoke directly to the heart.
Captives who had escaped sin's heavy chain,
They preached that all men might deliverance gain;
Children of God, adopted by his love,
They preached that all men might salvation prove;
Speaking themselves from an o'erflowing joy,
They taught that praise should every tongue employ.

These men are WESLEY's preachers; he inspires,
And sends them forth to kindle holy fires;
A consecrated and heroic band,
Obediently they hear their chief's command;
For, if to toil and suffering he call,
Himself out-labors and out-suffers all.
In ceaseless journeys he pursues his way,
And e'en in age still preaches twice a day;
Of every pastor's load he feels a share,
And watches o'er each church with constant care;
From his swift pen amid the busy years
A library of useful books appears;

He clothes the naked and the hungry feeds,
And scarcely knows that he himself has needs;
Wealth flows in golden streams beside his door,
And yet he dies the poorest of the poor;
To heal the body and instruct the mind
And save the soul his only aims we find.
And yet, although unworldly was his aim,
To him belongs the legislator's fame;
He framed that wonderful Church government
That fits alike a large or small extent;
That takes firm, instant root in every place,
Yet ever on pursues its conquering race;
That gives each part the power of self control;
Yet in one spirit binds the living whole —
Makes every atom part of one great sphere,
Whose orbit widens with each passing year.

When nature throbs with the glad life of spring,
How joyously the birds begin to sing!
Each feathered minstrel from his little throat
Pours out his rapture in a swelling note;
So when the Church feels her reviving time,
And all her energies are at their prime,
Her children's hearts cannot contain their praise,
But free themselves in glad triumphant lays.
In such full life of hope and joy burst forth
A strain of song that gladdened all the earth;
Unnumbered tuneful voices blend in choir,
While far o'er some seraph notes aspire.

Sweet singer of our Israel, thy voice
Has made ten thousand thousand saints rejoice,
And hearts untouched by preacher's pleading tongue
Have yielded, softened by thy Gospel sung;

Being dead, thou speakest still, and wider grows
Thy congregation as time onward flows;
Till earth shall end and earthly language cease
Thy hymns of faith shall still their power increase,
Till swallowed at the last their glad acclaim
In the blest song of MOSES and the Lamb.

So preached, so sung, the great revival grew,
And daily souls by faith were born anew;
Born not of water, but the Spirit's power,
What changes followed the converting hour!
New creatures in Christ Jesus, what the sign
By which we know the inward work divine?
Outward good works showed cleansing power within,
And sinners loathed their former darling sin;
The tongues that had blasphemed the holy name
Were heard God's love and mercy to proclaim.
Inebriates now sought the cup no more,
And thieves confessed and hastened to restore;
The angry man was changed into the meek,
The lying lips were heard the truth to speak;
The churl learned courtesy, the idle led
An honest life and earned his daily bread;
The worldling with his anxious cares distressed
Cast them on God and found the promised rest.

As verdure follows where the waters flow,
So streams of grace make holy fruits to grow;
The quickening waters reach the barren heart,
And straightway seeds of every virtue start.
The convert to improve his home began,
For self-respect and hope inspired the man.
No longer dirt and foul neglect are seen,
The cot, though humble, yet is neat and clean;

No squalid, unwashed children cry for bread,
But frugal plenty marks the board instead;
The hard-earned wages now no longer go
In drunken nights whence follow days of woe;
Brawling and riot are no longer heard,
But praise instead and supplicating word;
Husband and wife alike the treasure find,
And walk together in one heart and mind;
Home made an Eden by the power of love,
From heaven below they seek a heaven above.

The angels 'mid their bliss without alloy,
When sinners turn are thrilled with holy joy;
But as a father's, mother's love transcends
The warm affection of the dearest friends,
So sympathizing angels cannot know
The spiritual Father's joy or woe.

As PAUL in his affliction and distress
Rejoiced to see his children's steadfastness,
When persecutions almost cast him down
Rose up refreshed by these, his "joy and crown,"
So WESLEY in his long and toilsome ways
Sent up unceasingly the voice of praise.
The drunkard's song, the pitying worldling's scorn,
The mark of slander, he was still upborne;
For, though opponents persecuted sore,
His converts' faith and love cheered him the more.
Joy filled his heart, and beamed forth from a face
Of rosy health and venerable grace;
Truth and benignity were plainly seen
In all the preacher's unaffected mien;
As in the open pages of a book,
Men read unselfish goodness in his look,

He had the secret of a happy life,
He walked with God; and all the angry strife
Of men and devils beat against a shield
Which cannot in the sorest conflict yield;
The Most High was his refuge and defense,
His strength and help was God's omnipotence;
Peace which the world gives not nor takes away,
The perfect gift, was his abiding stay;
Secure and blest, he proved the promise true,
And showed what an obedient faith will do.
So lived he far beyond the common span
Of years assigned e'en to the virtuous man.
With long, blest, honored life full satisfied,
He saw God's great salvation and he died.
As peacefully as sinks the setting sun
When the long, splendid summer day is done,
JOHN WESLEY's spirit passed from mortal sight
To the bright realms to which God giveth light.
But though his workers, when their day is done,
Leave the unfinished work, it still goes on.
When our ELIJAH mounted to the skies
Waiting ELISHAS saw their master rise;
A thousand mourning prophets deeply prayed
For all the spirit of their summoned head.
Their prayers were heard, and with his power en-
dued,
The followers all the master's work pursued —
Cleansed NAAMANS from their cleaving leprosy,
And made dull eyes with brighter faith to see.

What hath God wrought? To-day their Gospel's
sound
Is echoing the spacious world around;
From frozen arctic to antarctic skies

Their prayers of faith and songs of triumph rise.
Obedient to the leadings of his grace,
Each seeks to fill his own appointed place;
Itinerants and pilgrims of the Lord,
They pitch their tents or journey at his word,
Rest with the cloud, move with the moving fire,
Nor let the wilderness their patience tire.
O'ercrowded lands send forth their restless trains
To find new homes on fertile Western plains;
And with these emigrants the men of God
Have step by step their toilsome pathway trod,
Ready the wayworn travelers to cheer,
Types of their Lord, whose help is always near.

Not far behind the backwoods' hunter lags
The preacher with his book-filled saddle-bags;
Hunter of men, with all a hunter's zest,
He far and wide pursues the arduous quest;
Oft, guided only by the woodman's "blaze,"
He threads the unbroken forest's mighty maze;
He dares the perils of the gloomy brake
Where panthers crouch or lurks the deadly snake.
The Indian, exiled, but unconquered still,
Not marking the true authors of his ill,
Deems every wandering white another foe,
And deals against his friends his sullen blow.
In spring the torrent pours the dangerous flood,
Yet o'er the ford the journey is pursued;
The summer sun shoots down its burning ray,
But its fierce shafts his progress cannot stay;
In these new lands beneath the autumn skies
From the rank earth the noxious vapors rise;
The man of God can no exemption claim,
And fevers burn and agues chill his frame;

In winter o'er the wastes of pathless snow,
Alone the worn itinerant must go.

But in his heart is one eternal spring,
And with his hymns of joy the forests ring;
For though on earth an exile he must roam,
E'en now by faith he finds in heaven his home,
For Christ is with him in his lonely ways,
And fills his tongue with everlasting praise.
The worlding's life has but a narrow scope,
But heavenward soars the Christian's boundless
hope,
And quickly all earth's sufferings grow light
When bliss immortal rises on the sight.
Christ hath abolished death; he burst the tomb,
He broke the curse, and changed the sinner's doom;
He lives on high, and there prepares a place
For all who seek through him the Father's face.
When the believer has this better part
Attested by the Spirit to his heart,
He views, like MOSES, treasures with disdain,
And leaves an earthly for a heavenly reign;
Like PAUL he holds the gold of earth but dross,
And counts all gain but Christ as only loss.
So while earth's riches wide before him spread,
And swift in the pursuit the many sped,
While fortunes daily grow as cities rise,
The man of God sees a far nobler prize.
Simple itinerant, despised and poor,
No wealth of earth can his fixed soul allure;
The message of the King requireth haste,
No time has he on aught beside to waste;
To pluck the flowers that spring beside the way,
How bright soe'er, the herald may not stay.

Who was the leader of the mighty host
Who first the mountain and the prairie crossed?
Who opened springs from which salvation flows,
And made the desert blossom as the rose?
First bishop in a virgin continent,
What weight for good or ill that headship lent!
Had there been any faltering in that hour
When FRANCIS ASBURY was clothed with power;
Had he become a prelate proud of rank,
And sent men forth to toils from which he shrank;
Corrupted through example, by degrees
The way-worn preachers would have sought for ease.
Each would have learned to scorn the weak command,
And yearly smaller would have grown the band;
Unshepherded, the flocks would soon have strayed,
And discipline and piety decayed.
But by as much as a weak leader sends
Confusion to his host, a strong one lends
Strength from his own great spirit, and calls forth
In other men the utmost of their worth.
Such chief was ASBURY, and where he led
His soldiers caught the spirit of their head;
A PAUL of the backwoods, till old and gray
They saw him still pursue his tireless way;
Bishop of churches in the wilderness,
He lives by rule ordained for such "distress;"
The Church his bride, an undivided life
He gives to her, and seeks no other wife.
East, west, north, south his voice proclaims the
word,
And every-where the hearts of men are stirred;
Zion is blessed with a tenfold increase,
And flourishes in more abundant peace;

Four thousand men ordained by his own hand
Were sent by him to preach throughout the land,
Ere, vanquishing mortality's last foes,
To meet his Lord the veteran hero rose.
A cruel, partial God, whose stern decree,
Unchangeable to all eternity,
Condemned to death half of our helpless race,
Refusing e'en to penitence his grace;
A horrid Moloch, smeared with guiltless blood,
Such grim and monstrous CALVIN's idol stood.
Was this the image which the *Mayflower* bore
Across the sea to the *New England* shore?
Was it by such a creed as this sustained
The Pilgrims their immortal glory gained?
Was it for this they suffered such distress
To form a nation in the wilderness?
Ah, no! the heart is wiser than the head;
And howsoe'er the rigid letter read,
And howsoe'er the theologian's brain
Forged the strong-seeming links of logic's chain,
Still human instinct, truer far than they,
Maintained o'er all at least a partial sway;
And as bees, ranging through the landscape, meet
All kinds of herbs yet only sip the sweet,
So piety support and comfort drew
From ev'ry flower of faith and hope that grew,
And with a shudder and a pitying sigh
Passed the rank growths of malediction by.
But though men tried to hide it from their sight,
Yet a false creed failed not to bring its blight.
How many a tender conscience groaned in pain!
How many a freeman wore a slavish chain!
How many a hypocrite concealed a sneer!
How many a bold blasphemer dared appear!

As after earthquake and devouring flame,
A still, small voice unto the prophet came,
So after these soul-shaking, cruel creeds,
Once more with men a milder spirit pleads,
And, though his voice was gentle, he was heard,
And to their depths the souls of men were stirred.

Since Jesus called the poor in spirit blest
And to sin-wearied sufferers brought rest,
Since Jesus with a broad and wise survey
Looked on man's past and showed the better way,
Since Jesus taught man is a child of God,
And God in man in his own person showed,
No prophet in the long-extended line
Than CHANNING has more truly been divine.
He to the Church the oldest faith restored:
"O, Israel, hear, there is one only Lord!"
He spoke again with power the words of Paul:
"The son is subject, God is all in all."
He deeply searched the mystic thought in John:
"I do the Father's will and we are one."
Like Christ's the penetration of his thought,
Like Christ's the deeds of pity that he wrought;
He from harsh bondage helped to free the slave,
He to the poor and sick his bounty gave,
He longed that war, source of all ills, should cease,
And sought to bring in universal peace.
He taught that Nature, God's great book, displayed
Her maker's love and lent religion aid.

Like Christ he prayed that all men might be one
And showed that union comes through truth alone;
The paths of error endlessly divide,
As ignorance and sin turn men aside;

But truth, like a fixed star, is still the same
And guides aright each earnest seeker's aim.
A partial truth can have but partial sway,
But rounded truth wins its resistless way.
And truth at last will all our sects unite,
As rainbow colors blend in purest light.
Gentile and Jew, by error kept apart,
By unifying truth will join in heart,
And when these blessed unions can be shown,
Idols will fall and sin be overthrown
And Christ will quickly call all lands his own.
The child of Providence, as we believe,
The Church has e'er been ready to receive
From her great Head his every new command,
And be an instrument of his right hand.
As a wise scribe to whom true grace is given,
And knowledge of the mysteries of heaven,
Brings from his treasure things both new and old,
So has she been both cautious and yet bold,
Not blind the lessons of the past to learn,
Nor dull the greater future to discern,
And ever ready to adopt the new
If still the ancient end is kept in view.

As husbandmen throw down the simple flail
When complex modern instruments prevail,
And yet diminish not at all the store
Of grain for man, but make it greatly more,
So husbandmen of God think it not strange
If o'er your methods there shall come a change.

Why open history's illumined page
And read of heroes of a by-gone age?
Is it that we may shrink back in dismay

And weakly cry, "We are not such as they?"
Is it that we may carve their monument
With words of praise, and go away content?
Is it that we may every footprint trace
That marks the progress of the mighty race,
And having found the spot where last they stood
May halt there saying, "This we know is good?"
Ah, no! the embers in each sacred urn,
Unquenched by death, with fire immortal burn;
Approach, and from the ashes of your sires
Re-light the torch, and kindle other fires;
Ye who are called their sons, do not again
In dull routine, with blind, unthinking pain,
What they did with conviction fresh and strong
That they were right and their opponents wrong.
Ye who would truly to their place succeed,
Read not the barren letter of their deed,
But catch the spirit of their acts, and go
Forward to war against the present foe.
Use not the borrowed armor of some SAUL,
Lest thou beneath the cumbrous burden fall;
But when thou fightest in the war of heaven
Take thou the weapons which thy God has given.
Eat not the husks of custom, stale and dead,
But feed thy soul upon the living bread;
Wear not the garb of habit, but receive
Fresh impulses, and thought's new vesture weave;
Be not a hollow echo, but a voice
From the deep heart, and make the heart rejoice;
Let not the multitude without hold sway,
Live thine own life, and inward law obey;
Thy fathers all the path of faith have trod,
And living faith alone leads thee to God.

Beware, O priest or prophet of the Lord,
Lest thou exalt too much thy rite or word;
Beware lest thou in secret thought despise
Those who know little of thy mysteries.
As vines unpruned run into leaf and wood,
Yet bear but little fruit, and that not good,
So exhortation flowing from the tongue
Doth not prove alway that the heart is strong.
The discipline of action is supreme,
Nor can the soul gain virtue by a dream.
Mark well the sturdy merits of the men
Whose instruments are not the facile pen,
But plow, or forge, or loom, or ax, or spade,
Or aught by which a stubborn mass is made
Obedient to the patient worker's will.
What strength and courage do such toils instill?
The builder with his square and plummet-line
Is pupil of the Architect divine,
And learns in this so-seeming humble school
To work by laws which o'er the planets rule.
Even the humblest digger in the ditch
Is often in the noblest virtues rich,
And bearing cheerfully his hard estate
May by the all-wise Judge be counted great.
For highest greatness oft disguised appears:
As great was Jesus in those silent years
In which, according to the wondrous plan,
He learned in toil his sympathy with man,
As when he held the multitude in awe
As from the mount he taught the higher law.

O preacher, emulate the patient skill
Of those who fashion iron to their will;
Shun not to bear the fiercest furnace heat,

Shun not thy labor often to repeat.
See how the makers of the iron steed
Of commerce give the wondrous thing its speed!
And shall the chariot of trade be driven
More swiftly than the mighty car of heaven?
As they fit part to part of the machine
Till all its strength and symmetry are seen,
As they slight nothing, but from point to point
Fix every rivet and secure each joint,
So, like a locomotive, let thy car
Of truth be fit to bear men swift and far.
Salvation Army, hail! God give thee speed
To succor darkest *England* at her need!
The Church that nursed and trained the good, great
man
Who formed thy ranks and marches in thy van
Rejoices in thy triumphs won, and sees
The promise of thy greater victories.

Rise, *England*, from thy shame! Put on thy
might,
And gird thee for self-conquest's noble fight!
Let there not be within thy borders one
Who is in name, but not in fact, a son;
Who born an heir of all thy high renown
Knows nothing of his glory and his crown!
Redeem thy children! Let each daughter be
Dowered with grace and truth, and worthy thee!

O faithless cynic, think not that they dream
Who hope the last and lowest to redeem;
God's love is infinite, and evermore
He pours his blessings from exhaustless store.
See how from heaven stream down the floods of light,

Fill every place, and make the whole earth bright;
See how the wholesome, necessary air
Enwraps the earth and meets us everywhere!
He who made air and light would have made food
As free as they had it been for our good;
But though soul's welfare calls for body's toil,
How generous the answer of the soil!
Man only needs to ask, and he receives
Not bare support, but overflowing sheaves;
And year by year as Science waves her wand,
And shows the hidden virtues of the land,
More false and base seems the Malthusian lie
That niggard Earth man's wants cannot supply.
Not Nature's harshness, man's inhuman greed,
Is cause of *London's* wretchedness and need;
Nor is the misery of some the price
Of others' good, a needed sacrifice.
Far different and nobler is the plan
On which depends the happiness of man;
United by indissoluble ties,
We fall together, or together rise.
No man may make another's loss his gain
Or wring his gladness from another's pain;
The punishment of every wrong shall fall
Upon the doer heaviest of all;
The silly thief who steals his fellow's purse
Wrongs two indeed, but wrongs himself the worse.
See CRÆSUS grind the faces of the poor,
And by oppression tenfold gains procure;
But mark the losses with such gains allied,
The narrowed intellect, the growing pride,
The callousness beginning at the heart,
And by degrees affecting every part,
Till Science, Art, Religion, all are gone,

And money, money fills the life alone.
What profit is there in a hoard of pelf
If to obtain it man must lose himself?
Or mark the despot with unbounded sway,
Whose mad caprice the wisest must obey;
Disposer of men's fortunes by a nod,
Whom Fattery proclaims a demi-god.
Does happiness attend his high estate?
Do rest and peace upon his pleasure wait?
Ah, no! Fear follows closely at his heel,
And dread Suspicion poisons every meal;
In weariness he drags his gilded chain
Till death or madness ends his so-called "reign."
He lived as wretched and complete a slave
As ever found a shelter in the grave.

But he who blesses shall himself be blessed,
And love bestowed is doubly still possessed!
When men at last are pupils in Christ's school
And all shall learn the simple, golden rule,
Not only will there be no prisoned class
Shut in by frowning walls it cannot pass;
No wretched outcasts trodden by the foot
Of fellow-men to level of the brute;
But those who thought before that they were free
Will find a nobler, sweeter liberty;
Freed from its weights the whole race will rise
 higher,
And all man's energies anew aspire;
New arts, new sciences, new virtues grow,
And life sweep on with deeper, richer flow.
Shall none be found his toilsome way to trace
To *Africa's* most terror-guarded place
Except the wretch who, infamously brave,

Pursues his weaker brother for a slave?
Shall only the explorer pitch his camp
Near the infection of the deadly swamp,
Shall he alone the gloomy thicket pierce,
Where couch wild beasts and men as blindly fierce?
What was it led heroic STANLEY on?
Search for the earlier hero, LIVINGSTONE.
And what sought he, the pioneer, to gain?
What urged him on o'er fever-haunted plain?
What brought this man from earth's meridian light
To dwell in shadows of her darkest night?
The love of Christ alone his soul constrained,
And healing for a continent he gained.
For words and deeds like his can never die,
But in the soil of human hearts they lie,
And deeper strike and wider spread their roots,
And bear at last their ripened perfect fruits.
Leader of humble, consecrated bands
Of those who by the labor of their hands
Supply their own necessities, and teach
By works of love the Gospel which they preach.
He and those like him pierce by faith sublime
The present gloom and see that promised time
When Ethiopia, long beneath the rod,
Ransomed at last, shall stretch her hands to God.
The gospel seed oft falls on stony ground,
And riches still as choking thorns are found;
But poverty is always fruitful soil,
And well rewards the faithful tiller's toil.
The LAZARUS of nations, at the gate
Of SAXON DIVES see the Negro wait!
How bitter and how abject is his lot!
But though an outcast yet he murmurs not.
What consolation his brave heart sustains?

What compensation counteracts his pains?
To him how deep and strong a faith is given!
To him how plain appears the way to heaven!
As all the prison with God's praises rang,
When beaten, fettered PAUL and SILAS sang,
So through his house of bondage everywhere!
Was heard the Negro's voice of praise and prayer;
Songs in the darkest night were still his stay,
And cheered him for the brighter, coming day.
Humble in heart and merciful and pure,
The Buddha's life makes all his words endure,
And 'tis his glory that to aid their spread
No drop of blood has by the sword been shed.
Mercy pre-eminent the Hindu shows,
And his compassion no restriction knows;
Sacred to him is every form of life,
Nor 'gainst the ox or sheep he whets the knife.
His bounty, too, each living thing must share;
He scatters grain to feed the birds of air,
And, owning kinship with the hideous shape,
He gives his bread to feed the hungry ape,
And, e'en though he himself may suffer want,
Distributes sweetmeats to the creeping ant.
Only the Hebrew has more strongly striven
Than the Hindu to find the way to heaven;
Only the Hebrew has more firmly trod
The path he hoped would lead at last to God.
The costliest temples reared by human hand
As monuments of his devotion stand;
So strength and beauty blended we may trace,
They seem the work of more than earthly race.
Have Titans' hands the stones colossal laid?
Have genii the rich adornments made?
Ah, no! they do but body forth the might
With which man yearns to reach the Infinite.

With matted hair and dirt-incrusted face
See the sad fakir his long journey trace;
To find full union with the life divine
He vows that he will visit every shrine;
Begun in youth, he still pursues in age
His weary, almost endless pilgrimage;
His form is shrunk, his every step is pain,
Yet still he toils his wished-for heaven to gain.
Vain, needless toil; for what doth God require
But mercy, truth, and humble, pure desire?
In wedlock, when true womanhood combines
With thorough manhood, and its strength refines,
There joys and virtues most of all abound,
As a well-tempered bell gives sweetest sound.
So in that grander union will it be
When nations join in love and sympathy;
When each the other's excellence discerns,
And each from each its choicest lesson learns;
When Orient, where fancy richest glows,
And poetry and gentle arts arose,
Where Faith once shone with its most radiant light,
And Superstition now spreads darkest night,—
When Orient from Occident receives
That light again and all her strength revives,
When Occident's rough vigor is refined
By the mild graces of the Eastern mind,
When mystic Contemplation's steady flame
Our noisy, bustling energies shall tame,
Then in that union of the West and East
Mankind will sit at a great marriage feast.
Confucius taught men moral worth to prize,
But looked too little upward to the skies,
And all the teeming millions that regard
His prudent maxims have been bent earthward.

Ages ere Christ proclaimed good-will to man,
Ages ere Rome's imperial rule began,
Ages ere CADMUS brought the earliest light
To shine 'mid Europe's universal night,
While yet the ancestors of that proud race
That in the world now holds the foremost place,
Clad in the skins of beasts, roamed through the
wood,
And, almost famished, gorged raw flesh for food,
While yet their only dwelling was a cave,
Their only tools the flints that nature gave,
One venerable portion of mankind
Was even then both learned and refined.

China was first to gain extended sway,
And teach its swarming millions to obey;
Was first to make all tribal discords cease,
And bind the nation by the arts of peace;
Was first to dig for commerce the canal,
And first for safety to uprear a wall;
Was first to mark the magnet does not veer,
And teach the sailor o'er the sea to steer;
Was first to see the all-important part
That may be played by printing's magic art.

How is it that the nation which began
First the unending course that upward ran,
Now halts on palsied, unprogressive feet,
And only seeks past glories to repeat?
Is it not that man needs to fix his eye,
Not on an earthly mark, but on the sky,
To make his model, not his fellow-man,
But the great Being, whence all life began?
See the wild dog, how wolf-like cruel, gaunt,

Furtive and treach'rous in his native haunt;
But mark what virtues he will soon acquire
When once admitted to man's household fire;
What courage, what fidelity, what love,
Through contract with a life his own above.

China has not enough communed with God,
Therefore her feet a lowly path have trod.
Philosophy, a feeble aid has lent
And taught the arts of human government,
What duty man should to his neighbor show,
What obligations to the state men owe,
And that great precept, worthy of all praise,
"Honor thy parents long as last thy days."
Truth-loving, gentle, pure, the Chinese sage
Stands with the great of every land and age,
This fatal fault 'tis in his system lies,—
He saw too much with lowly earth-bent eyes;
To worlds above he did not turn his gaze,
Nor give to God his due of prayer and praise,
Did not bear man on wings of faith and hope
Beyond life's gross and narrow earthly scope.
No holy Sabbath breaks the weary round
Of toil by which this hapless land is bound;
No weekly day of worship gives control
Of those low appetites that clog the soul.
Truly a proverb says a straw will show
In what direction winds and currents go;
And salutations and men's common speech
The underlying course of thought may teach.
The Turk in welcome utters words of prayer,
And his farewell petitions Allah's care;
And in the English hourly-used "good-bye"
'Tis "God-be-with-you" that we still descry;

But Chinamen each other coarsely greet,
"How is my brother's stomach? Can he eat?"

Asleep, not dead, the nobler spirit lies,
And at the touch of Christ it will arise;
Yea, that great touch has been already given,
And China turns her wondering look to heaven;
No soil so sterile that the sun's warm rays
Make it not fruitful in the summer days;
No heart so dead that when Christ's light shall shine,
It will not quicken at the beam divine;
And every torch men kindle at that light
Has something of its vivifying might.
A few first-fruits from China's stubborn soil
E'en now reward the patient reaper's toil;
But, O how wide the still neglected field,
How vast the harvest which it ought to yield!
All ye who pray, your strong petitions blend,
And ask the Lord of harvest soon to send
Reapers enough to gather the rich store,
And bring the sheaves to heaven's wide-open door.
And not the less with prayers effectual call
On him who made and rules the souls of all,
That he turn the nations and restrain
Their hearts from wrath and hands from lawless
gain;
That Christian powers themselves may Christ obey,
And by example spread his righteous sway.

The unity of God Mohammed strove
To teach the tribes that did wide-warring rove;
A mighty prophet both in deed and word,
His fatal error was he drew the sword,
And, blind, fanatic messenger of God,

He blurr'd his message with a stain of blood.
Nor here alone his fault, for sensual lust
Has trailed the prophet's honor in the dust,
And, as the sinful heart makes dark the mind,
His own defects in his commands we find.
He should have known pure homes are virtue's nurse,
But homes defiled are Islam's greatest curse;
Polygamy strikes virtue with a blight,
And makes the home a scene of strife and spite.
"Honor thy parents," the command God gave,
Can not be kept when woman is a slave
And man a tyrant. What can children be
But brutes and slaves when these are all they see.
Mohammed told of life beyond the tomb,
But even there luxurious pleasures bloom.
The dimming crescent fades from sight away,
As radiance from the cross brings in the day.
Behold the mighty Saxon race subdue
All continents and fashion them anew!
In the grand march of universal man
With mighty steps the Saxon leads the van;
The docile nations follow at his feet,
And guided by him seek their happier seat;
He is the world's school-master, and will teach
His laws, his arts, his industries, his speech;
And, greater far than these, he will impart
The nobler life that purifies his heart;
And as he better learns to understand
The law of Christ will teach it to each land;
Like JOHN before the Lord, his works appear
To show again Messiah's kingdom near.

A thousand years with God are but one day,
Men come and go and nations pass away,

While slowly moves the solemn, destined hour
Of new display of his almighty power.
Shiloh, by priest and prophet oft foretold,
Delayed his coming while millenniums rolled,
Yet in the fullness of the perfect plan
Immanuel came — God showed himself to man.
“Go into all the world,” the Master said;
Yet eighteen centuries slowly, sadly sped,
While still the great command was not obeyed,
And sloth and unbelief the work delayed.
But when the Church sought for the needful power,
God furnished means and showed the appointed
hour;

When the Church yearned to win the heathen world,
The broader wings of knowledge were unfurled;
When Christians owned the brotherhood of man,
A mightier era in the arts began.
'Tis well that enemies should dwell apart,
But brothers one in mind and one in heart
Should live where they can hear each other's voice,
And in their mutual hopes and gains rejoice;
To speak love's word or do love's generous deed
Demands steam's power and lightning's matchless
speed.

As Israel's tribes in brotherhood assailed
The Canaanitish chariots and prevailed,
So now the conquering Christians draw the sword
In several bands, but for one common Lord.
Faith hails the dawning of a brighter day,
And sees the thinning shadows pass away.
The armies of the Lord that in the dark,
Confused, have struck and often missed their mark,
Or turned against each other the fierce blow
Which should have fallen on the common foe,

Now see the Captain's banner wave on high,
And raise in unison their conquering cry.
The petty Shibboleth no more we hear,
But the grand message ever sounds more clear.
In faith in God and love to man is found
After the weary strife a common ground;
And men see that beneath the differing name
A Christian heart is everywhere the same.
As every star sends forth a ray of light
And helps to shed a glory o'er the night,
As every stream that courses through the plain
Assists the growth of life-sustaining grain,
As all Heaven's pearly gates that open wide
To equal joys admit the purified —
So here on earth God's servants all should bend
Their energies alike to one great end,
To show how much God's gift of life is worth,
And banish sin and sorrow from the earth.
Religion ne'er should be the shameful scene
Where heated sects display their narrow spleen,
Where egotists and bigots show their spite,
And wrangle into wrong the fairest right;
A holy temple, rather, wherein peace,
Faith, hope, and joy should evermore increase.
As skies are mirror'd in the lake below,
The church should all the heavenly virtues show.

YUSSOUF BEN ADHEM *

All things Ben Adhem had that fortune lends;
Health, reputation, children, troops of friends,
Work that he loved and leisure when he would.
No lurking enemy his steps pursued,
No memory of past ill-deeds oppressed,
No fears for his to-morrow filled his breast,
And yet Ben Adhem was not wholly blest.

He had compassion on his fellow-men;
The pang another felt pierced him again;
Whene'er he saw the weak hurt by the strong
It was as though himself endured the wrong;
Whene'er the wicked triumphed by deceit,
He felt himself the anguish of defeat;
He bore the burdens of the honest poor,
And moaned for all the woes the sick endure;
Knowledge by him was held so high a prize
That still he grieved that all men were not wise;
He almost wished himself accursed, if he
Could thus remove his fellow's misery.

Full of this righteous mood he sought his bed,
And on the pillow pressed his aching head;
Sleepless long hours he tossed beneath his care,
And oft his lips breathed forth the ardent prayer,

* Bewilderment at the sin and wretchedness of the world and at the apparently slow progress of man toward God takes possession at times of every soul. The name, Ben Adhem, borrowed from Leigh Hunt's beautiful poem, is used to typify this mood of impatience in the presence of the great problems of human life.

“Lord, teach me how to help my fellow-men;
They suffer and I cannot ease their pain;
The world is full of misery and strife,
Help me to bring it to a nobler life.”

At length Ben Adhem slept, and while he
dreamed,
Uplifted to angelic heights he seemed;
For a brief hour he had a clearer view,
And saw all Love Omnipotent could do
Already done to bring his suffering race
To full perfection and the highest place.
His soul exulted in the perfect plan
He saw revealed to bless his fellow-man,
The progress that till now had seemed so slow
Appeared as swift as wingèd Time could go;
The path that had so devious seemed of late
Was to his opened eyes now plain and straight.
Each pleasure was a kindly beckoning hand,
Each pain a firm, beneficent command;
Darkness and doubt were birth-throes of the mind,
And death itself as higher life designed.

Then he awoke; his soul which had been free
From the gross vesture of mortality,
Which for an hour had passed beyond the veil,
Came back to fleshly tabernacle frail;
The heavenly glory faded from his sight
As die cloud-splendors on a summer night.
In place of the grand symmetry, again
Appeared the old confusion, travail, pain;
Instead of perfect harmony there rose
The old harsh discords of man's many woes;

But evermore through Yussouf's chastened
soul

Some currents of that stream of glory roll;
And all his life in deep humility,
As those who far more holy were than he,
He looked on child-like souls whose simple trust
Had never dreamed of doubting God was just;
Who had not in presumptuous blasphemy
One moment thought their human sympathy
As true and tender as the perfect love,
Strong as omnipotence, of God above;
Who though they had not seen yet had believed,
And thus the chief beatitude received.

GOD'S PATIENCE

O Lord, how wonderful thy plan,
How much beyond the thought of man,
The wide, deep sea, the mountain high,
The vast expanse of starry sky!
Yet is there one thing more sublime,
The awful mystery of Time,
The endless ages as they flow,
The æons in their movement slow.
Ten thousand years are in thy sight
But as a brief watch in the night,
Love will not let thee faster move,
Patience, the other name of love.

Had man been asked how things should be,
He would have made a shallow sea,
A surface smooth, a grassy shore;
Nothing to dare or to explore.
Because he shrank from toil and pain,
Earth would have been all fruitful plain;
Man would have made no cold nor night,
But an unbroken warmth and light;
Anxious to save himself from harm,
He would have lost all varied charm;
Seeking alone for present good,
And knowing naught of changing mood,
He would have dwarfed the human race,
And made the earth an irksome place,
A little book with but one page,
A small and gilded singing-cage.
Weak and impatient, he would see
Only what is, not what may be,

And caring not himself to rise,
Have narrowed both the earth and skies.

How paltry, worthless, small and scant
A world in which man knew not want,
Where no ungratified desire
Allured or drove him to aspire!
Then welcome world of toil and hope
Where every energy has scope.
Brothers, in God's great world rejoice,
And hearken to his cheering voice
That calls man to the larger task
And gives him more than he could ask.
Let us in the assurance rest
That what God does is always best.

THE WIDER FOLD

Is goodness found within the Church alone,
Or does it call a wider sphere its own?
The great Chief Shepherd his disciples told
That he had sheep which were not of this fold,
For sometimes hirling undershepherds lose
The power to see, so the best sheep refuse,—
With angry threat and blow they drive away
Those whom the Master would have bidden stay.
Sometimes, alas! they make the fold too strait,
And tired and hungry sheep faint at the gate,
And then Christ puts it in some good man's heart
To build for these some little fold apart,
One which, though others scorn its humble claim,
He owns as his whate'er its sign or name,—
The only test by which he marks it good
That it does deeds of human brotherhood.

The tale of pity by our Saviour told
A moral for our day may still unfold,
For life's rough path on which we all must go
Is like the road that led to Jericho,
Many its pitfalls for unwary feet,
And many thieves and robbers we may meet.
Thank God! we also meet the generous friend
With ready hand the helpless to defend.
Perhaps the man almost of life bereft,
Whom heartless priest and timid Levite left,
Succored at last by a Samaritan,
His after life spent on a different plan.
What though the priest bore Aaron's sacred name,
And Levite boasted long prescriptive claim,
The simple fellow saw not means but ends,

And valued most those who were most his friends;
And so, perhaps, he left the Jewish fold
And was with the Samaritans enrolled.

Perhaps some modern agencies of good
May to the church bear a like attitude,
Though they may lack her ancient stately spires,
Her vested priests and robed and chanting choirs,
Lack sermons formed to please a classic taste,
And liturgies by time refined and graced.
Though untrained orators may meet and bawl
In broken English in some smoky "hall,"
Better the eloquence of those rude tongues
Upholding human rights, denouncing wrongs,
Than polished sermons where no soul is seen,
Or the most graceful, meaningless routine.
If workingmen the claims of church reject,
Too oft the cause is found in her neglect.
She sees the feeble suffer for the strong,
But raises not her voice against the wrong;
She sees the rich man juggle with the laws,
But does not champion the poor man's cause.

THE SCHOOL OF LIFE

How often falls the dreary rain!
How often fall the bitter tears!
Let Nature banish all our fears;
Both help the growth of golden grain.

By sun and rain the plant doth grow;
By joy and grief the heart of man:
One mighty omnipresent plan
Rules all things that we mortals know.

Pleasure allures us on our way,
And pain still stands the path beside.
No less kind and faithful guide,
She drives back those who go astray.

Or when to teach our higher good,
Pleasure with her soft blandishment
Her gentle arts in vain hath spent
Upon a stolid, slothful mood.

Then Pain takes up her lash and goad,
And "Hence, thou sluggard," still she cries;
How happy he who early wise
Quickly pursues his destined road!

For first she gently deals her blows,
To warn the sinner to amend;
But, warning slighted, lo, the end!
The Mentor then no mercy knows.

Each wrong act brings its penalty,
Each right act brings its due reward;
To sinners law is stern and hard;
Law makes the righteous blest and free.

Work and law gives thee sheaf and wool ;
Work, and in winter thou art warm ;
The prudent man foresees the harm,
Conforms his conduct to the rule.

Indulge thyself in summer days,
And wander idly at thy will,
Time comes when bitter winds will chill,
And thou shalt mourn thy wanton ways.

But is there not some summerland
Where this stern law is unknown?
Where Nature has more kindly grown,
And, all unscourged, life may expand?

Go, look then at thy tropic isle !
Do idlers there escape the law?
It worketh still without a flaw,
E'en though the sky forever smile.

“ They have not worked, yet may they eat ;
Earth yields her fruit spontaneously ;
They gather what falls from the tree,
Escape the old curse of the sweat.”

He who thus speaks speaks foolishly ;
Man does not live by bread alone ;
He gathers but what he has sown.
If he sows not, what man is he?

He has not forethought in his brain,
He has not pity in his heart ;
All human nature's better part,
An untilled field, has fallow lain.

He lives like bird upon the bough
That joys in the sweet days of spring;
Years as they fly no lesson bring,
He stays for aye what he is now.

To be the same for evermore,
To rise no higher in the scale,
To seek no truth behind the veil,
To live the child life o'er and o'er,

I do not say, this were not just:
The good is good if less or more,
'Twas bounty to give such a store;
The bird is better than the dust.

But how much greater is the good,
If from day to day increase,
If hope and progress never cease,
Till finite reach infinitude.

Give me, O God, this destiny,
Whatever be the purchase price;
For less than this will not suffice
The spirit Thou hast given me.

Choose thine own way; thou knowest best
Which brings the surest to the goal;
'Tis Thou hast made the human soul,
'And Thou canst guide its higher quest.

When I too long have pitched my tent
Beside some bright and sparkling spring,
Neglectful of my journeying,
The drought is there in mercy sent.

My pleasant spring will cease to flow,
And bitter thirst my soul will parch;
Reluctantly I onward march,
But soon the grapes of Eschol glow.

When flocks and herds fill all the plain,
And barns scarce hold my plenteous store,
And I say, "Soul, forevermore
Here at thine ease thou shalt remain."

If Judgment speaks, it says, "Thou fool,
Leave now the goods thou dost abuse,
I give them to another's use;
Thou art not longer fit to rule."

If Mercy still may intercede,
If purpose to go on survive,
The Judge says, "Let the pilgrim live;
Remove the load that checks his speed."

Then Bedouin marauders seize
The herds that had been my delight;
The fire consumes my barns by night,
And where is then my boasted ease.

God's angels were those robber bands,
God's minister that flame of fire;
Once more my spirit doth aspire
To reach the fairer heavenly lands.

Behold, I speak in symbol gross
By type and shadow to express
That when we seek for perfectness
Life is our death and gain is loss.

If while I fill a treasure chest
 I rob each day my nobler self,
 In vain I hoard the trivial pelf;
Richer is poorer — wealth, unblest.

The life is not the meat and drink,
 The life is not the outward dress:
 What are we? Not what we possess;
Not what we wear, but what we think.

Wouldst thou the truest substance win,
 Then seek it not in fairest dust;
 Earth's treasures all corrupt and rust,
The heavenly kingdom is within.

Thy soul the Almighty's image bears;
 If worlds of gold were in the scale
 Against it they could not prevail;
Matter with spirit who compares?

This brave array of earth and sea,
 The seasons in their glorious round,
 The sky to its remotest bound,
Are they not all a school for thee?

To educate immortal mind
 These glorious shadows were displayed,
 And like a vesture they shall fade,
When they have served the end designed.

When they have taught thee all they can,
 They shall give place; it is the word
 Of Him who is the sovereign Lord,
And who has still a higher plan.

The mountain heights proclaim His power,
The deeps of ocean sing His praise,
The sun through all his burning days,
And moon in every shining hour,

Declare His wisdom and His skill;
His majesty His works proclaim;
But, O, they cannot know His name;
They speak, but love is silent still.

Their voice is but an empty sound;
They know what they utter forth;
There is a praise of higher worth;
O man, thou know'st where it is found.

If thou hast thanks sincerely given,
The honest love of thy poor heart,
Implicit trust — love's better part —
Then art thou ungrateful unto Heaven.

“The Father Spirit seeketh such;”
By that disciple it is writ
Who fondest sat at Jesus' feet,
Else were it for our faith too much.

The Stoic in his bitter mood
Said, “God is not, or does not know;
Indifferent He to all below,
Alike to Him the bad or good.

“Far distant is His dwelling place,
And there serene, unvexed by cares,
He heeds nor hears our human prayers;
What to a God is such a race?”

The man who penned so false a strain
Had never known a father's joy,
Had been unwonted to employ
His care a tender child to train.

A wise son makes his father glad,
Who loves to watch his growing powers,
He gives to him his choicest hours,
For he hath pleasure in the lad.

The Heavenly Father in His Son
Is pleased, so hath His voice declared
In words His chosen servants heard;
Doth His heart yearn for only one?

Nay, but we all are fellow heirs,
If of His spirit we partake,
If Him we our example make,
To all the Elder Son prepares.

THE BOOK OF NATURE

Of old, O Lord, thy servant prayed
 Show me thy glory in this place,
And there thou hast thy hand displayed
 But still from him concealed thy face.

Something of thee all men discern,
 The dullest and least thoughtful eyes
A little of thy glory learn
 When they gaze upward to the skies.

A deeper meaning on the page
 Which thou so wonderously hast writ,
Prophet and bard and seer and sage
 Have seen, as they have studied it.

And still the great book open lies,
 And thou dost ask all men to read;
Letter by letter spell the wise,
 And word by word till they succeed.

For all that the almighty hand
 Has written on the earth and sky
Is truth that shall forever stand,
 And whoso reads it lives thereby.

PAIN

My faith has taught me that each pain
 However bitter and extreme,
 However causeless it may seem
Is but the means of greater gain.

Man shivered in the frost and snow;
 But shelter from the wintry weather
 Drew all the family together,
And made fireside affection glow.

Though winter makes a barren land,
 It gives man's life a larger scope;
 It nurses industry and hope,
Makes quick the mind and strong the hand.

Ah, me! the fever-breeding slum
 Where life is but a lingering woe,
 Filth, sordidness, starvation slow;
From these what good can ever come?

What do these hopeless prisoners teach?
 These sufferers who are made to drain
 To the last dregs the cup of pain,
Are they a text from which to preach?

Had I no eyes but mine to see
 I never could the sight endure,
 But He, the wisest and most pure,
Spoke blessings upon poverty.

'Tis where the hottest fires have burned,
 'Tis where the heaviest weights have pressed
 That gems and gold are found to rest,
From vile to costly substance turned.

So, sharp distress the soul refines,
And where it is we may behold
A patience richer than pure gold,
A love which diamond far outshines.

By Nature's subtle alchemy
The very forms that are most base
Are made to wear the rarest grace:
So suffering turns to sympathy.

But some may say, objecting still,
If men grow better by distress,
Why should we seek to make it less?
Why work to banish useful ill?

I turn for light to Christ again
And answer, He who blessed the poor,
Yet sought their sufferings to cure
And labored to diminish pain.

Pain never is a final good;
It is the effort to remove
Its presence that engenders love,
And strengthens human brotherhood.

And so pain makes both good and ill:
It curses those who will not share
The sorrows which their fellows bear,
But blesses those who show goodwill.

It points us forward to a goal:
But all its forms will pass away
As darkness at the break of day
When it has perfected the soul.

THE LAW OF GOD

Thy law says, Be ye perfect, and to this
My soul aspires ;
Perfection is the ultimate of bliss
That man desires.

The scientist seeks perfect truth to know
In earth and star ;
He analyzes all that he may show
Just what things are.

And perfect beauty is the artist's dream ;
He lifts his eye,
And everywhere he sees his vision beam
In earth and sky.

The saint seeks perfect righteousness and love ;
He wants to be,
Because he sees thou art thy works above,
At one with thee.

THE SINNER AND THE SAVIOUR

Luke VII

A sinner followed with the crowd that came in from
the street,
Her bitter tears fell upon the Saviour's weary feet;
Her heart was broke by penitence, hers was no fluent
grief,
But her deep and sobbing sorrow pleaded strongly for
relief;
She saw not, or she heeded not, the proud man's look
of scorn;
He could not read a heart like hers by shame and an-
guish torn;
She had seen the blessed image of a spotless purity
And the woman's soul within her once more struggled
to be free.
She poured the precious ointment and her heart's love
on her Lord
And with thrilling joy her spirit caught His gracious
answering word,
"Thy many sins are all forgiven; now may'st thou
go in peace,"
And with the word her bonds were burst and her soul
obtained release.
The sinless heart is merciful, the sinful heart is stern,
God's tender love will still receive those whom vain man
doth spurn,
Soft Pity and sweet Purity are ever close allied,
Swift Censure and red Cruelty are the daughters dark
of Pride.

THE PUBLICAN

I dare not judge my fellow man,
 I dare not call him Pharisee,
 I dare not claim humility,
The merit of the publican.

The life of Christ was pure and strong;
 I see my life is stained and weak;
 Before my Judge I dare not speak,
My sense of guilt doth bind my tongue.

If there be but the law and I,
 I stand unsheltered to the sword;
 His justice need not speak the word;
My own heart tells me I must die.

How awful is His holiness!
 Where shall I hide my leprosy?
 Knowledge of what I ought to be
But makes my burden heavier press.

You know the story of the twain
 Who to the temple took their way;
 Both went ostensibly to pray,
But one spoke swelling words in vain.

Thou man who keepest outward law,
 And with thyself art satisfied,
 Beware the heinous sin of pride,
Nor think thyself without a flaw.

Perhaps if God should judge thee now,
 And weigh what is and might have been,
 Contrast thy privilege and sin,
Of sinful men the chief wert thou.

THE SHEEP AND THE GOATS

“ Now, Master, at length thy work is done —
The sheep are folded one by one,
E'en the lost lamb is found at last,
The weary labors overpast.
The wicked goats have scorned the fold,
Let them die without in the bitter cold.”

Then answered the shepherd of Galilee :
“ Thus speaking thou knowest not mine nor me
Nor the inner soul of charity.
Fierce, cruel words when faith is young
Fall lightly from the wanton tongue,
But jealousy and hate must die
Ere love can reach maturity ;
I love the goats as I love the sheep,
And my tender search for the lost I keep,
Whatsoever its name or whate'er it be
Through time or through eternity ;
I am able to save to the uttermost
And my work is not done while one is lost.
When I've gathered the docile and pious sheep
Who have sought the narrow way to keep,
I must seek the wild goats wandering wide
And roaming now on the mountain side ;
They know not pastures fresh and fair
My love doth for their needs prepare,
Or they scorn them now in their heedless haste
And rather would roam in the trackless waste ;
But the bitter hour of their need will come,
And whene'er it does they are welcome home.”
If with ribald tongue in their wantonness
They have cursed the hand stretched out to bless,

That shall not the blessing hand restrain
For the Father of all sends sun and rain
On the good and ill and shows that we,
If we would his perfect children be,
Must love not only the good and kind,
 Must teach not only the true and wise,
But patience must open the eyes of the blind
 And love must conquer her enemies.

THE PROPHET OF NAZARETH

They tell us of a wandering star
And of a virgin birth,
Of power to walk upon the sea,
Make bread and wine in dearth:
Cheap portents, vulgar prodigies,
And legends nothing worth.

These gaudy fictions wrap him round
In robes of spurious state;
Capricious magical acts like these
Could never make him great:
These hide the brave, kind, patient soul
We all should imitate.

These are the old external rites
Dressed in a new disguise,
And Christ, the man of sorrows, looks
In sorrow from the skies,
While all the idle pomp goes on
And love neglected lies.

And poor, bewildered, humble men,
Such men as Jesus loved,
And suffering women such as oft
His quick compassion moved,—
The poor and meek he blessed — still wait
To see his promise proved.

Cheer up, my friends, though long delayed,
God's promise will not fail,
God's fatherhood, man's brotherhood
Will everywhere prevail,
The blessed human Christ replace
The worn-out mythic tale.

THE DEWDROP AND THE SEA

The tiny dewdrops as they rest
At morning on the flow'ret's breast
Are children of the mighty sea,
Small gleams of its immensity.

The candle shining in the night
From the great sun derives its light;
Its little beams are truly fire,
And upward to their source aspire.

No less the humblest son of earth
May lay a claim to heavenly birth;
We are not born of senseless clod,
But children of the living God.

But after all is said and done,
The spark of fire is not the sun,
The drop of dew is not the sea,
Nor is the best man deity.

THE ELDER BROTHER

I dimly see the vision new,
I faintly hear thy latest call;
Unstop my ears, thou Lord of all,
And purge my vision for the view.

I see the nobler coming creed,
When every symbol torn away,
Man, seeing face to face shall pray,
And strengthen every prayer by deed.

Once blood of bull and goat sufficed;
Later man's spirit rose in price,
He brought a costlier sacrifice,
And offered thee the blood of Christ.

But now he learns that by no shift
He e'er can meet thy law's demands,
No labor of another's hands
The burden from himself can lift.

Christ stands our glorious Elder Brother,
Not as of old our substitute;
He waits that we like him bring fruit,
Nor rest in virtues of another.

Did then apostles lead astray,
Praising the merit of Christ's blood?
They dreamed not of our duller mood
That misconceives their better way.

They meant to teach us sacrifice
Had wholly ceased, by Christ removed,
That God should not be feared but loved,
And men not fanciful but wise.

They took a forward step, no more ;
They did not see unto the end ;
They said, " This way the path doth tend,
Pursue it to the utmost shore."

If the good deeds men did at first
A check to new advance become,
Then by each deed of nobler name
Man's life would be not blest but curst.

If once created, clothes and house
Remained unchanged from age to age,
What would man's barren hours engage,
What needs his sluggish spirit rouse?

Had Science been full-orbed revealed
And no addition could be made,
Man's powers of mind were left in shade
And all his energies congealed.

If given at first the perfect creed,
A rounded, demonstrated whole,
What would have onward led the soul,
Or met the spirit's deeper need?

In God's will let thy spirit rest,
Above the brute he set thy place,
Thou art adopted by his grace,
And all thy future for the best.

He gave his first-begotten Son,
The first who to full manhood came
To suffer agony and shame
That higher life might thus be won.

Christ suffered every sore distress,
The bitter cross, the nail, the thorn,
Desertion, treachery and scorn,
Yet these dread agents were to bless.

In patience then drink thou thy cup,
The Elder Son's example see;
God who loved him loves also thee,
And like him he will raise thee up.

THE TEMPTATION OF CHRIST

I used to think that Christ while here on earth
Was hourly conscious of his heavenly birth,
And that, as one who leaves a royal home
For a few years in foreign land to roam,
His memory held as clearly as before
The picture of each glory known of yore.
But deeper now seems this great mystery
Of God incarnate in humanity;
The veil of flesh shut out the heavenly light,
And Christ too walked by faith and not by sight.

The very essence of our trial here
Is sacrifice of joys which do appear,
And sorely tempt our weak and earthly mood,
For an unseen but greater hoped-for good.
Then how could Christ a true example be
To those who win by faith their victory,
If he were never called on to contend
But from the outset clearly saw the end?

The mere philosopher of every school
Learns the rebellious lusts of sense to rule;
Even the athlete training for a fight
Controls the coarse demands of appetite;
The man of science gladly will forego
For love of Knowledge empty outward show.
Our Captain's conquests were not such as these
Which every common soldier wins with ease.

Luther or Bunyan in their darkest hour
Were not assailed as he by evil power.
How many a weary day he walked apart

To wrestle with an overburdened heart,
 And poured to heaven the agonizing prayer
 Of one whose doubts were bordering on despair!
 Yet when black midnight hid the shining sun,
 And e'en the stars had faded one by one,
 By faith he pierced the gloom and victory won.

No martyr agonizing at the stake
 And fearing strength would in that hour forsake,
 E'er bore a sorrow like Gethsemane,
 Or knew the anguish of sad Calvary;
 'Twas not that frowning darkness veiled the sky,
 'Twas not the fear of soul about to die,
 'Twas that chill moment of abysmal pain
 In which we fear our firmest hopes are vain,
 And that the God in whom all our trust
 Has ceased to care and lets us sink to dust,
 'Twas this that made that awful agony
 And broke forth in that sad and bitter cry,
 "My God, my God, why dost thou me forsake?"
 But soon the awful cloud was seen to break,
 And light at eve shone on earth's darkest day,
 And faith the spectral shadows chased away.

The great Redeemer's final work is done,
 The conqueror's last fight fought and victory won,
 'Tis finished and he bows his head and dies,
 Secure that from the tomb he will arise,
 That death itself defeated is and slain,
 And that all men in him will live again.

Then heaven resounds to an archangel's voice:
 "Christ hath abolished death. Rejoice! Rejoice!"

Throw wide the gates and let the Conqueror come
With tenfold joy back to the heavenly home;
Ten thousand thousand saints his way attend,
And of his Kingdom there shall be no end;
Bring him all crowns, seat him in highest place,
He hath redeemed a lost and ruined race."

THE GLORY OF CHRIST

O thou great Jesus whom all men adore
As the supremest prophet of the race,
Are they indeed thy friends who make thee more
And in the very Godhead give thee place?
Or if their act more deeply we explore
And all its bearings and relations trace,
Shall we in thy deification see
One more relapse into idolatry?

May God forbid that I should carp and pare
Or seek to take one gem from the rich crown
Of our great Chief and Captain. He is there
Above us all, I would not drag him down.
He won his matchless laurels and shall wear
Through endless ages his supreme renown;
I only seek to lift each humbler other,
Not to degrade the greater Elder Brother.

I love him, for he fills me with a hope
Of immortality and perfectness.
Christ has enlarged my nature's narrow scope
And set an aim before me that may bless;
He is my Captain, and I strive to cope
As he did with each evil and distress.
He's not my God; but I blame none who kneel,
My heart responds to every throb they feel.

Idolatry in gross forms first begun:
Man worshipped stocks and stones and snakes and
kine,
Adored as god the great life-giving sun
And all the glorious orbs that round him shine;

Imagination has mad riot run,
Has Buddha, Mary, Jesus held divine.
The last is like the first,— idolatry,
And differs not in kind but in degree.

All men are sons of God, and each shows forth
In some faint measure the Almighty's face;
Jesus than other sons has higher worth,
And God in him more fully we may trace.
The sun in heaven the dew-drop on the earth
May image, but may not in bulk embrace;
So finite man of God the infinite
Is but a faint and borrowed gleam of light.

Why then do I the common creed assail?
Because it is the truth that makes men free;
All truth o'er all of error will prevail
And bring more blessings than we now can see.
'Tis living faith and not faith growing pale
In death that ever onward urges me;
Christ's human heart is nobler and more real
Than theologian's myth or bard's ideal.

And you, false priest, who scoff in pride of place,
You overbold with God, though false to man,
Who darken counsel and the truth deface
Because the truth would put you under ban,
Time-serving worldling, of all men most base,
You hypocrite, whose life is one long plan
Of self-indulgence and deceit, you mock,
And say your creed will bear my puny shock.

Perhaps it will, I know not; but what then?
I write for God and self, and God knows best

How soon to give results to tongue or pen,
And by right deed my inward soul is blest.
And so regardless of the thoughts of men,
I follow truth, and leave to God the rest;
But this I know, how weak so'er I be,
If God speak through me, I have victory.

Let Error boast not of its length of years,
Its weight of numbers, or its power to sway
The helpless multitude by hopes or fears;
As darkness flies at the approach of day
So Error flies when Truth full-orbed appears;
And e'en if Truth emit but one faint ray,
That ray shall not without result return,
But kindle fires that will more brightly burn.

Millenniums are God's slow-moving days,
A century is but a passing hour;
Slowly a system grows and slow decays
And seems to mock the human worker's power.
Man gazes awestruck at the secret ways
Of Him from whom he has his own small dower;
Yet scale is nothing, and if man be true,
He works like Him who has all power to do.

The mass of myth and legend which now clings
In cloudy splendor round the human Christ,
And now obscures his glory and now flings
The dazzling colors of a sun-touched mist,
Will blow away like unsubstantial things
Which cannot in the light of day subsist;
The marvels of a wonder-loving age
Fill lessening space on Time's increasing page.

The words, the love, the life of Christ will grow
And fill the world and every mind subdue;
But the cheap tales of wonder, which but show
The writer's inability to view
The simple majesty of truth, will go
To the oblivion of things false, while new
And richer knowledge takes the vacant place
Of the long childhood ends of our growing race.

Though error be not penetrable cloud,
But a great wall of adamant rock,
Though mighty nations have for ages bowed
To false ideals, and it seems no shock
Can ever move a thing so fixed and proud,
Yet, as the sunbeams winter's chains unlock
And silently release a world from death,
So falsehood dies at truth's reviving breath.

Am I then recreant to my Christian sires,
Degenerate from my lineage, and dead
To all for which they bore the martyr's fires
Or lives of labor and of suffering led?
No! No! in me the self-same flame aspires
That burned in Wycliffe and from him has spread;
He thrills me while I claim as native earth
The land, almost the spot, that gave him birth.

And my own sire, who through his life's brief day
His strength in service of the Master spent,
A worn itinerant taking still his way
Wherever Wesley's iron rule him sent,
Could he look down from heaven what would he say?
I know his spirit would be well content,
For he would see I sought like him the light,
And like him followed at all costs the right.

He was not born a Methodist, but left
The long-established and the sheltered fold,
Daring to trust the new, and walk bereft
Of worldly gains that gather round the old;
One of a band of pioneers, he cleft
The rock of custom; and if I am bold
To trust my own conviction, though 'tis hid
From other men, I do but as he did.

Ye weak conservatives, what was the praise
Of Abraham whom God himself called friend,
The man who stamped his image on a race
Of bards and prophets who all else transcend?
What is the special glory that we trace
From him the origin to Christ the end?
It is that at the secret call of God
He left the beaten way, for path untrod.

And Christ himself, who are his followers? They
Who magnify the symbol and the type?
No, Christ himself a system swept away
Because the world for a new truth was ripe.
When the dead body sinks into decay
And clogs the living soul beneath, to strip
It off does but the higher life fulfill.
So was it in Christ's day, so is it still.

Christ found men's minds enslaved to form and rite,
To sacrifices, washings, places, days;
He taught them these were nothing in God's sight,
And brushed them all aside to their amaze;
But his disciples could not banish quite
The prejudices of their earlier days;
His words were tortured and misunderstood,
And Superstition hatched another brood.

He scorned all sacrifices, yet in spite

Of all his protests his own death was turned
Into a brutal, sacrificial rite,

And in the way in which old sectaries burned
A helpless lamb, that by its blood they might

Obtain access to God and be not spurned,
These later Pagans seek a substitute,
And to themselves they will the Christ impute.

Christ taught not so — true love and righteousness

Were the two elements of his short creed;
Not to appease his Father's wrathfulness,

But by man's sinful folly did he bleed;
Of good that will at last all nations bless,

His death, though brutal murder, was the seed;
For persecution could not make him yield,
And martyrdom his faithful teaching sealed.

He ever since has been the guiding star

Of all great souls. Pre-eminently bright
His rays stream o'er the nations near and far

And bless them with a mild, benignant light;
So brilliant, so serene his glories are

No cloud can ever hide them from our sight;
Judæa's light no time can ever dim,
And Christ as ages roll draws men to him.

His spirit is transforming all the world,

Is softening laws, and raising the oppressed;
By it the battle flags will yet be furled

And war-worn nations know the joys of rest;
By it all tyrants will from power be hurled,

And love and justice reign in every breast;
Christ's vision of God's Kingdom on the earth
Is no vain dream, but will at last have birth.

His many years of humble toil should cheer

All those who work with often-weary hand;
Children to all of us he made more dear,

When "Let them come to me," he gave command;
And womanhood he made man more revere,

For he gave honor to the social band;
He lifted to new dignity the wife,
And gave new sanctity to human life.

Even the humblest lovers of their kind

Who labor to give any woe relief,
In hours of loneliness and scorn will find
In thought of him a rest from all their grief;
But more those of the most heroic mind

Gain inspiration from him as their chief,
And countless martyrs in their parting breath
Were nerved by recollection of his death.

But to be our example he must be

A man like us, body and soul the same,
Bearing the weight of our infirmity,

And not with strength to which we have no claim;
If he be but a shrouded deity

Masking a little while in human frame,
It is a cruel mockery to ask
That we should bear his yoke or do his task.

O Israel, receive again thy son,

And let his matchless glories blend with thine!
Why shouldst thou make of him an outcast one
Whom half the nations worship as divine?

In spite of all that thou hast said and done

Thou canst not cast him off, he still is thine;
Boast of him then, make good thy rightful claim,
And vindicate the honors of thy name.

A FATHER'S PRAYER FOR HIS CHILDREN

Good Shepherd, keep this little flock,
Find out for them some sheltering rock;
The wilderness is wide, O lead
To some green spot where they may feed;
Let them on quiet waters look,
And quench their thirst at some clear brook.
Lambs are but weak, and if a road
All rough and thorny must be trod,
If weary seems the way and long,
O Thou, Good Shepherd, who art strong,
Bear them at need in Thine own arm,
And in Thy bosom fold them warm.
If ever they should from Thee stray,
Let them not roam too far away;
Seek them, Good Shepherd, and restore
Them safely to Thy fold once more.
Lead them, O Lord, while life shall last,
And when through death's dark vale they've passed,
Grant them in Thy great fold to dwell
In heaven above, where all is well.

ON THE DEATH OF A CHILD

If slow the sun sinks in the west
When a long day of life is done,
We say that such a close is best,
There should be no eclipse at noon.

And yet why should we murmur thus?
We are but children, and we know
Not yet what will be best for us,
Or whither leads the way we go.

Our times are in our Father's hand,
He made us and He knows our frame;
He never gives a harsh command,
He calleth every child by name.

One day is as a thousand years
To God with whom we have to do;
As best to wisest love appears
He gives us many days or few.

He made alike the earth and heaven
And gives them both alike his care;
Thy lot is still in mercy given
If later here or sooner there.

The dear, familiar home below
We know is beautiful and fair;
Of that above we only know
Our Saviour's love doth it prepare.

And that it is our Father's home,
And that the children see his face;
There will the glad re-union come
At last through his unbounded grace.

CHILDREN IN HEAVEN

“Their angels do always behold the face of My Father which is in heaven” (Matt. xviii, 10).

As 'mid the stately cedars tall
The slender lilies grow,
So 'mid the heaven's conquering hosts
The holy children go.
They are not there because they could
Unto the end endure;
The holy Lord hath loved them so
Because their hearts were pure.
None enter Paradise but those
Whose hearts are undefiled,—
Children, and trustful souls who keep
The spirit of a child.

OF SUCH IS THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN

The tender lily pure and white and fair

Fit emblem is of childhood's opening hour ;

The child, unstained by sin, untouched by care,

Seems but a rarer and a richer flower ;

God and the child our two examples are,

The pure extremes of weakness and of power ;

Christ grew in strength and stature undefiled :

The perfect man grew from the perfect child.

LIGHT AT EVENTIDE
OR, THE AGED CHRISTIAN'S DEATH

How sweet the sun's declining ray!
His evening beam how calmly bright!
There is no fairer hour of day
Than as day deepens into night.

How sweet the closing hour of life,
Its tumult o'er, its rest begun;
Saints sink to rest from earthly strife
As calmly as the setting sun.

A radiance wraps the holy brow,
Triumph lights up the dimming eye,
Heaven pours a richer glory now
Than ever filled their noonday sky.

'Tis not alone the setting sun
That lends them such a rich array;
Ah, no! it is the rising one,
The beam of an immortal day.

“ THERE IS NO DEATH ”

Then never say that a man is dead,
For we know it cannot be ;
Life's a stormy voyage with a port ahead,
But not a shoreless sea.

REST IN GOD

The smile upon the human face,
The word of kindness kindly said,
The mother's kiss, the child's embrace,
How these uplift the drooping head!
Man can not live from man apart,
Heart needs the sympathy of heart.

Yet man needs more God's life to share,
To feel God's love doth wrap him round
As closely as the ambient air,
Supports as firmly as the ground;
To rest in God and cease from strife
This is, indeed, eternal life.

TRAGEDY

The deepest tragedy of life
Is when the spirit sinks in shame;
The hangman's rope, the headsman's knife
Can only touch the outward frame.
He who does right is victor still;
The sole defeat is doing ill.

HYMN FOR THE BLIND *

Men call us blind, O Lord, but we
Know blindness is but of degree;
Our eyes see not the outward light,
Then grant us clearer inward sight.

The outward eye can only see
What forms and colors there may be;
The inward eye may apprehend
Thee, The Beginning and the End.

A thousand blessings through the eye
Thou dost to seeing men supply;
But unexhausted is thy store,—
Thou hast for us a thousand more.

The gifts of faith and hope and love,
These are the gifts all sense above;
These turn night's darkness unto day;
For these to thee, O Lord, we pray.

* The following lines were prompted by admiration for the very remarkable qualities of mind and heart, the extraordinary knowledge, judgment, kindness, cheerfulness and courage of one of my friends, the Rev. George Schorb, often spoken of as the blind preacher. He is typical of a class. Yet the fact that there are so many intelligent, active and cheerful blind men does not prove blindness is a small deprivation but rather shows us how generously and, as it were, superfluously, God has endowed men in general.

THE STILL HOUR

In a still hour I sometimes may escape
 Earth's ceaseless din,
And catch the echo of the music from
 The land unseen,
And hear the ripple of the gentle stream
 Whose silver flow
Speaks to the heart of the unfailing joys
 The blessed know.
Sometimes the veil of earth dims not my eye,
 And I can see
The bright ones waving high their joyous palms
 Of victory.
Sometimes the fragrance of the balmy air
 Floats on the breeze,
Telling of the full clusters rich and rare
 On the fair trees.
O, list'ning oft I hear my Father speak
 Sweet words of cheer:
"A few short years of work for me, my son;
 Then come thou here."

HE LEADETH ME

I know God leadeth me aright
And, though I cannot see,
To walk with Him in darkest night
Shall not seem hard to me;
I walk with Him as a little child
Whom a father strong and good
Takes with him o'er a mountain wild
Or through a tangled wood.
I reckon not what the dangers be
And have no strange alarm;
My only thought — He leadeth me;
My perfect trust — His arm.
O! who would walk the world alone,
This dark and thorny road,
Or who forever bear his own
Weary oppressive load,
When, if he will, the Lord will lead,
The Lord his burden bear,
The Lord supply his every need,
And hear his every prayer.
Father, be mine the better part,
A childlike trust in Thee,
A guileless and a peaceful heart
Obeying lovingly.

THE GROWTH OF THE SOUL

The Jews were on the new fall'n manna fed,
We live on grain each year that's newly grown;
Souls sicken on tradition stale and dead,
But thrive if they make living truth their own.

One central thought runs the whole Bible through
And bears God's people onward to their goal;
It is, Go forward, do the duty new,
Obey when God has spoken to thy soul.

The childlike fancies of the early race,
The myths and legends of the Jew and Greek,
Should not keep fuller knowledge from its place,
Should not forbid the eager soul to seek.

Not all at once the sun dispels the night,
But clouds and darkness slowly fade away;
So on man's mind God pours increasing light
And leads him onward into brighter day.

THE VOICE OF GOD IN THE SOUL

What in secret God speaks to thy soul
Speak again in a voice loud and clear,
If the many thou canst not control
Yet some souls thy message will hear.

For He who prepares thee to speak
Prepares them thy words to receive ;
'Twere not godlike, but manlike and weak,
His work uncompleted to leave.

For the seed there is always a soil,
And always the blessing of Heaven,
And to those who in patience will toil
A harvest shall surely be given.

LIVING PROPHETS

Happy the church where prophets still are found
To whom all earth seems consecrated ground,
Whose finer spirits pierce the veil of sense
And see behind it God's omnipotence,—
High priests of Nature who to us reveal
The mysteries her inner shrines conceal,
To whom such insight and such faith are given
As makes this world the vestibule of heaven.

Happy the church, if when its seers discern,
Those who see not are yet content to learn,
And when the mighty visions are unroll'd
And the new prophets say to us, Behold!
They know their hour and on the opened scroll
Gaze with an eager and inquiring soul.

Happy if those who soar not do not fling
Their claims upon the mounting eagle's wing,
And as he fain would point the upward way
To heights whence he has gained his wide survey,
If, clinging to the valleys where they lie,
They do not doubt there is an ampler sky.

L O F C

MODERN MARTYRS

Faint not, O weary sower, if thy seed
Must oft be choked amid the torn and weed,
Faint not if on the shallow, stony ground
But drooping stalks and withered ears are found,
Faint not if some seed that thou sow'st to-day
By birds of air is caught and borne away;
For be thou sure that to reward thy toil
Some seed shall fall on good and fertile soil,
Some seed the watchful care of God will keep
And in due time a harvest thou shalt reap.
Be faithful 'mid the burden and the heat;
Rest comes at length to weary hands and feet.

Be faithful in the yet more trying hour
When Hell assails with all its dreadful power,
When thou must fight against some seated wrong
In wealth and numbers arrogant and strong,
When thou art mocked by the unthinking crowd
And peered with shallow jest and laughter loud,
When fiend-like men their webs of falsehood weave
And with their calumnies the world deceive,
When e'en the good pass with averted eye
And o'er what they deem madness heave a sigh.
E'en in this modern martyrdom be bold,
Trusting in God as did the saints of old.

Dar'st thou approach their sacred company
If kindred suff'ring do not make thee free?
The former saints through tribulation came —
The dungeon, axe, the cord, the martyr's flame;
Stoned, tortured, torn asunder, they endured,
And the eternal joy and crown secured.

Cast out from haunts of men with blows and scorn,
In deserts, dens, and caves, they walked forlorn;
Now, their long exile o'er, no more they roam,
But in the place prepared they rest at home.

Canst thou endure the Captain's holy sight
If thou dost come all scathless from the fight?
When thou dost see those wounds his body bears
Wilt thou not blush for thine own doubts and fears?
If, casting down the hero's sword and shield,
Thou fleest a recreant from the doubtful field,
How bitter then will be thy self-rebuke
When Christ shall cast on thee his searching look!
If Peter-like thou hast thy Lord denied,
From that sad, tender gaze where wilt thou hide?

The crown is thine if thou wilt bear the cross,
And all thy gain is measured by thy loss,
And if joy deep, eternal thou obtain
It must be by the discipline of pain.
Emmanuel the Captain of our race
Himself by suffering obtained his place.
He for the great reward despised the shame,
And high above all others set his name;
In giving life to many sons he died,
And now though travail he is satisfied.

THE MYTH

As pure white light at dawn of day
Is changed to many a colored ray,
And seen through morning cloud and mist
Turns crimson, gold and amethyst,
So truth, when prejudices screen,
Or baser passions intervene,
Does not dismayed desert the fight
But changes to more gaudy light,
Puts on gay Fancy's brilliant hue,
Yet never ceases to be true.

By myths the ignorant are taught,
By myths the children's fancy caught;
Their minds are pleased by outward show,
But deeper joys the thoughtful know;
Knowledge can not be too profound,
For at the heart the world is sound;
All things just as they are to see
Is half of God's felicity,—
The other half of it is love;
These two are all things else above.

POET, AND COMMENTATOR

Half in earnest, half in play
A poet mused one summer day
And lightly as the fickle wind
His fancies frolicked through his mind.
He framed of them a careless tale
And thought it was a thing so frail
That it would still be understood
As nothing but a passing mood.
Yet millions in all after ages
Have puzzled o'er his airy pages
And battled even unto death
About his lightly-uttered breath,—
Have twisted that and tortured this
For the page he wrote was Genesis.

“ HE CARETH FOR YOU ”

For the wing of the bird is the air,
For the fin of the fish is the sea,
And the infinite wisdom and care
Hath an element also for thee.

And O, for thy heart, let it be
In the infinite wisdom and care
As the fin of the fish in the sea,
As the wing of the bird in the air.

OUR FATHER

'Tis dark to me, I do not see before,
But all the way to Him lies in the light;
Long seems to me the way I travel o'er,
Its shortness is apparent to His sight.

I know my Father knoweth all my need;
I know that love is part of fatherhood;
I know the thoughtless birds He still doth feed,
Who love him not, nor know that He is good.

I know His eye omniscient doth not sleep;
I know His arm omnipotent can save;
I know He mourneth when His children weep;
I know He hath the empire of the grave.

Yet still my timid heart is filled with dread;
I fear some foe too strong, some fierce attack,
Some failure of my needful daily bread,
Some load too heavy, some too painful lack.

Ah, disobedience, what hast thou done!
I am an orphan with my Father near;
Where I should have the feelings of a son,
I have a guilty servant's slavish fear.

Lord, pardon all my waywardness I pray,
My sad distrust, my service without zeal;
Help me to act a son's part day by day,
Then a son's joys and safety I shall feel.

THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

“ Sweet are the uses of adversity.”

To-day I wear mortality's thick veil,
I see in part and dimly through the gloom;
The sky above is hung with clouds of doubt,
And blinding mists of sin rise all around.
I walk by faith in such a land as this,
Pursuing still my narrow, stony path,
While, 'mid the howling of the storm, I hear
The roar of beasts, and see their glaring eyes
As near my path they crouch in act to spring.
'Mid all I walk with brave, e'en buoyant heart;
Sometimes the tempest hushes, winds disperse
The rising mists, and clear the heavy sky.
The sun pours down his warmth and cheering light,
The birds sing in the neighboring field and grove,
The gentle purling of the brook is heard,
Lulling the wayworn pilgrim's watchfulness;
The path grows broad and smooth and less distinct,
My beacon light is lost amid the glare,
And melting voices call me here and there,
Saying: "This path is flowery to the end,
And leads thee straight to the celestial land."
And floating music almost steals my sense,
And luscious odors steep me in their charm;
Faint and bewildered I pursue my way,
Till God, in mercy, sends the storm again,
And with the rough road of adversity,
And with the fierce roar of the hungry beast,
Rouses my strength and vigilance once more,
And gives me that deep inward peace and joy
Which naught without can give or take away:
The joy of duty done, of conquest gained,

The sense of larger manhood, and the voice
Of an approving conscience, and the smile
Of Him who once himself hath trod the way,
And knows its darkness and its loneliness.

THE LORD, OUR STRENGTH

O Thou who madest light, to Thee I pray
For light to guide my footsteps on my way ;
God helping me, I will not hide but bear
The lamp aloft that all the beam may share.

O Thou whose strength is perfect, strengthen me,
That when a burdened brother man I see,
A fellow-traveller on life's thorny road,
I may be glad to bear part of his load.

O Thou who holy art and canst not sin,
Cleanse Thou my sinful soul and keep it clean,
That I may not with any taint defile
The heart that seeketh to be free from guile.

O Thou eternal and unchanging God,
Make my poor, fickle heart thine own abode,
That, while the shows and shadows round me flee,
My steadfast faith may ever cling to Thee.

IN HIM WE LIVE

Sin is a cloud of darkness in thy sky,
It shades earth's beauty, and it hides Heaven's face;
The Sun of Righteousness can make it fly,
And give thee light and gladness in its place.

The pure in heart see God where'er they turn,
He walks with them in every quiet way,
His hand in every bounty they discern;
But most they feel His presence when they pray.

The lowly grass, the modest, wayside flower,
The plenteous harvests that exulting spring,
Show forth His kindness and display His power,
And teach all hearts attuned with praise to sing.

The silver streamlet laughing on its way,
The joyous river with its sounding flood,
The deep-voiced ocean's solemn surges say,
The Lord is great, the Lord our God is good.

The sun beams forth His glory in its rays,
And sends it through the ample sky abroad;
The mighty wind doth trumpet forth His praise,
The echoing mountains speak again of God.

FAITH

If in my ignorance I am too bold,
I crave Thy pardon, Lord, with heart sincere;
I would be of Thy true and only fold,
And keep my heart with loving filial fear.
Yet is a burden on my spirit rolled
To utter truth, if so be men will hear,
To help to tear the netted veil of lies
That hides Thee from bewildered mortal eyes.

I do believe in Thee that Thou art good,
In Thee is all my help and all my hope;
I could not bear Time's blasts of sorrow rude,
I could not bear in darkness so to grope,
My soul by her despair would be subdued,
Could I not see beyond Earth's narrow scope,
Did I not feel I sought to do the Right,
Did I not know it would at last be light.

COMMUNION WITH NATURE

Shadowed or sparkling, ruffled or at rest,
The face of Nature always wears a charm;
Each form in turn most beauteous seems and best,
If winds and waters roar or all is calm;
From forest, field and flood I drink life's balm.
Whate'er the aspect of the changing year,
Nature, I rest in thy maternal arm;
Each bird and tree and rock to me is dear,
Alone with thee I feel as if my God were near.

A BIRTHDAY

February 13, 1884.

What destinies are shaped for thee, my child?
If short or long shall be thy mortal years,
If earth to thee shall be a vale of tears,
Or joy has on thy early pathway smiled,
Time's secret this that cannot be beguiled.
From its close lips no answer greets my ears;
But the deep silence gives my heart no fears.
What though I know not, I am reconciled
To my infirmities of power and sight
That makes me to thee less than I would be;
For thou art in his hands whose will is right,
And love unchanging through eternity.
Thou little one, not more his perfect might
Blesseth the highest than it blesseth thee.

LOWLY DUTIES

In all our humblest duties
Christ draws most sweetly near,
Each act of love we do for him
Calls him, as 'twere a prayer.
The gracious promise thus fulfilled
How all surprised we see:
“Have ye done it to my brethren,
Ye have done it unto me.”
As all unthinking of reward
Some little thing we do,
Some little trial bear,
Some little joy forego,
How sweetly comes the smile
Like sunshine after rain!
How doubly blest the toil,
How glorious the pain!

CHRIST'S MINISTRY

O Christ, from out the thick'ning gloom
To thee I lift mine eye,
The darkest shadows of the tomb
Disperse if Thou art nigh.

Art Thou as yesterday the same,
Thy arms still open wide?
Is mercy still thine only name
Thou spotless Crucified?

Then visit with thy pitying grace,
O Christ of Nazareth;
Hide not Thy marred, transfigured face,
But look away my grief.

A look from Thee and all is well;
The blackness of the night
Is chased by Thy mild glance away
For where Thou art is light.

THE VALLEY

I walk the vale of death
But my spirit hath no dread,
For by the light of faith
Its gloomy shades I tread.
As earth fades from my view,
And my mortal eye grows dim,
Heaven seems more real and true,
Its glories on me beam.
The way has brighter grown,
As I've neared the heavenly gate;
Now every doubt has flown,
And I only stand and wait
For the chariot of the Lord
To take his servant home
According to his word;
In his own good time 'twill come.

GENESIS

O God and Father infinitely great,
Help me thy perfect way to vindicate;
Nay, not to vindicate but to explore
Thy works and ways and humbly to adore.
Thought pierces not to the primeval hour
When first thou didst exert creative power,
When by thy fiat elements were made,
And laws of rest and motion on them laid.
What countless æons passed ere the first sun
Kindled its fires and learned its course to run,
What ages followed ere the sky o'erspread
With all its stars its radiant glory shed!
Thine are all cycles as they onward roll,
Thou hastest not unto thy perfect goal.

In thy good time the hot and glowing earth
Grew cool and brought its humblest life to birth,
Grasses and trees wave in the murky air,
And hideous reptiles seek their reeking lair.
In tepid seas, on islands low and warm,
Abortive shapes and hybrid monsters swarm,
Vast saurians slowly drag their ponderous length,
And great earth-shaking creatures tower in strength.

By slow degrees the clumsy, earlier race
To finer, higher types at length gives place;
Creation, struggling upward on thy plan,
Brought forth at last self-conscious, thinking man.
O man, give thanks to God for inward light,
For faith that thou art precious in his sight,
For hope and faith that he who through past pain
Has brought to thee thy priceless present gain,

Will lead thee on by paths he knoweth best
Until thy soul is satisfied and blest.
Read well the past, mark how all things ascend,
And trust that law of progress to the end.

Infinite God, to thee our spirits bow,
E'en though our bounded vision sees not now
Why we so oft through suffering and strife
And seeming death must enter into life.
But when, O God, we see or deem we see
Some rift within the cloud of mystery,
When richly streaming on us from above,
The heavens pour down the sunshine of thy love
In such a moment of ecstatic sight
Our faith takes wing and dares a bolder flight,
Our timid hopes to strong assurance grow,
Our quickened souls with holy raptures glow,
And up we wing — we can not stay below.

ENTER IN

O God, thou dwellest in sacred light,
Approachless to our mortal sight,
But yet dost gracious show
In hill and plain, in sky and sea,
Some portion of thy majesty
To man who walks below.
That we, O Lord, may love thee more
We would the hidden things explore
That fill our rich abode,
Bounties and blessings yet unknown
Within earth's treasure-cells of stone
Shall teach us to praise God.

Yet oh! as Israel, lacking faith,
Wandered forlorn and suffered death,
Their earthly rest unseen;
Slothful we slight the great command
And present promise "Fill the land,
Subdue and enter in."

SOME HAVE FALLEN ASLEEP

To stand above the grave with bleeding heart,
To know the long dull ache of absent years!
How doth the sudden or the lingering smart
Heal by its wound our baser vainer fears!

Earth grows at once so void, and heaven so full,
Only by passage of a single soul;
One star here set makes all the sky seem dull,
One star new risen in heaven lights up the whole.

O wonderful life-giving power of Death
O mystic quickening virtue of the Tomb!
Mortality! how doth thy fine chill breath
Make life spring new and use the heavens for room.

GOD IN NATURE

O blest the man who lifteth eye and thought
To know the things creative Love hath wrought!
For him the stars with brighter lustre shine
Because more clear he sees their great design,
For him in richer beauty glows the earth
For he has marked the stages of her birth,
Knows the long fashioning by fire and flood
Before her rocky framework finished stood,
Knows by what mighty instruments of toil
Upon the rocks was laid a fertile soil,
What frosts and storms wore down the rugged hills
And traced the channels of the mountain rills,
How century-gathered, century-hardened snow
Impelled at length to seek the vale below,
Slow moving onward with resistless force
O'er continents pursued its gradual course,
Crushed the hard rock, softened the sterile plain,
And fitted earth for life-sustaining grain.
To his keen sight the flowers their secrets yield
And clothe with wonder every heath and field,
Before his love-taught and observant eyes
Each forest bird with richer plumage flies,
He sees the steps in the progressive plan
From crawling worm to heaven-aspiring man,
Nature to him is one great living whole,
With God at once as architect and soul.

LITERATURE

THE EVERLASTING TREE

Close to the beaten highway
A fountain crystal clear
Pours forth its healing waters
Each day in all the year.

And near that magic fountain
There stands a sacred tree,
And the blossoms on its branches
Are the fairest that may be.

That tree is always blooming
With its flowers so rich and strange,
And its green leaves never wither
However seasons change.

And all these fairy blossoms
Allure the wanderer's eye
And tempt him to eat of the golden fruit
That always hangs thereby.

And if he eats of the golden fruit
It makes him strong and wise,
For the grace of God rests on the tree
And virtue in it lies.

The birds sing in its branches
Their merry songs all day
To cheer the toilworn travelers
That tread the hard highway.

But some of them pass unheeding,
They are hastening to the mart,
And they think it would check their journey
If they lingered awhile apart.

For they know not the healing fountain,
They know not the sacred tree,
They know not the voice of the singing birds,
And the power of melody.

But the children love the waters
That laugh like them and play,
And they climb the branches and pluck the flowers
Of the tree the livelong day.

That tree is the tree of music
And all songs are its fruits,
And as deep as the depths of the human heart
It stretches its mighty roots.

O toilworn men and women,
By the dusty road defiled,
Come back to the tree and the fountain,
Come back to the joys of the child.

If you will but stay and listen
You may hear again the tune,
And Old Age's bleak December
May become as glad as June.

For the world is ever flowering
And some have learned to know
That the fairest, richest blossoms
Are watered by the snow.

A LIBRARY

A Library! no words can fully show
The debt a chosen library we owe.
There in a more than magic glass we trace
The long, inspiring progress of the race;
There saints and heroes in succession rise,
Again the patriot lives, the martyr dies;
There all the good their virtues still display,
And point us onward in the nobler way;
There all the wise to counsel us attend,
And all the kind are ready to befriend;
There e'en the bad, stripped of their power to harm,
Show vice revolting and lend virtue charm.

A library is the great meeting place
Of all the teachers of the human race;
There they in sovereign dignity debate
The mighty problems of man's present state,
And slowly blending all their jarring words,
They form mind's deep and permanent accords.

Ships bring the wealth of distant climes to ours,
But books are gifted with far greater powers;
Oblivion's sea these fairy galleons sail,
And o'er dissevering centuries prevail;
Time's deluge drowns all else that man has wrought,
But these small arks bear on his living thought,
Bear it at last to earth's remotest shore,
For truth, once launched, sails on forevermore.

THE GOLDEN TONGUE

We are heirs to the noblest speech of man,
The perfect blending of North and South,
To the strength in the Saxon blood that ran,
To the grace that flowed from the Roman mouth.
As when iron and silver are fused in a bell
More strongly and sweetly its echoes swell,
So the Master Musician has blent in one
All notes of all nations beneath the sun
And made a language whose harmonies
Have never been equaled beneath the skies;
But the law it is, and the law is just,
That a bell unused is a prey to rust;
Then let our bell give the world our story,
And ring as of old to the Maker's glory.

To the tribes that, monkey-like, chatter and screech,
Let us give the great gift of our human speech;
To the jargoning races we owe the boon
Of a language that flows in perfect tune.
Let us bring them words that are sweet with song,
And words that are made by virtue strong,
Words that are each like a casket of gold
Some jewel of thought or faith to hold;
Let us give them more than mechanic arts,
Give of our treasure, our heart of hearts,
Give of the tongue that is now the shrine
Of all things on earth the most divine;
I would that were hushed the Babel of sound,
And that English were spoken the whole world round;
One weight, one measure, one law, one coin,
One language should man to his brother join,
One fellowship should all men embrace,
One hope and endeavor guide all the race.

Science and faith have made us wise,
Let us teach the world which in darkness lies ;
Where oil is bestowed let the lamp be bright,
For God soon quenches a hidden light.
God's goodness has planted upon this soil
The ripened fruit of the whole world's toil,
He has said that the seed must be sown by our hands
In the desolate places and barren lands ;
For the law it is, be it not forgot,
That the unsown seed in the bin shall rot.
We are heirs to the virtues of all the earth,
Of the artist Greek and the prophet Jew,
Of the old Norse valor and conquering worth,
Of the Saxon patience to think and do ;
With the strength of the world God has made us
 strong,
But a strength not used against the wrong
Will wither and dwindle and die ere long,—
Such is the high, eternal decree,
So runs the dread law of destiny.

LONGFELLOW

A BIRTHDAY POEM, FEBRUARY 27, 1898

There are poets who sing of fables,
Of strange, enchanted isles
Where flowers are ever blooming
And summer always smiles,

And we love their pleasing fancies,
And their tales of constant youth,
And we think their wild day dreamings
Are but shadows of the truth.

There are poets who sing of Nature,
Poets gentle and wise,
Who ever "consider the lily,"
That gladdens heart and eyes.

There are poets who sing of heaven,
And for heaven we long and pray,
And we love to hear of its glories
Though it seems so far away.

There are many noble poets,
There is many a treasured tome,
But we prize the poet the highest
Who sings the best of home.

The Old World has its epics
Of passion and of pride
With their clang of arms and armor,
As the mailed champions ride.

The Old World has its dramas
Of grim relentless Fate,
Of high Ambition's tragic fall,
And rivals' greed and hate,

But the world took a step forward
On that December day
When a few home-loving pilgrims
Sailed into Plymouth bay.

They brought, though they did not know it,
For none reads the mind of Time,
Their birthright in a poet,
The sweetest son of rhyme.

Two hundred mellowing years
Passed slowly o'er the earth
Ere Nature saw that the race was ripe
To give that poet birth.

New England's pious rigor
Was softened into grace,
And its narrow conscience widened
To give gentler virtues place.

Time's busy, tireless hand
Each harsher line subdued,
And steadily the eye of Time
A richer beauty viewed.

Till at last Time made a man
Compact of graces rare,
In whom heart and brain and conscience
Had each its rightful share.

The seer's keen-eyed vision
For truth both new and old,
The prophet's living conscience
That makes the prophet bold,
III—9

The artist's dreams of beauty, ·
And the singer's ear for sound,
And the scholar's lofty phrase
In him alike were found.

And above all other graces,
His heart was pure and mild,
And his rich manhood never lost
The sweetness of a child.

And so as years roll onward,
With ever fuller tide
Affection's tributes gather
To the bard of the ingleside.

That day in February
Through all the Union great
With songs and with rejoicings
The children celebrate.

On the calendar it shineth,
That twenty-seventh day,
For then the school-room lessons
Are as good as hours of play.

The winter's reign seems ended,
And like the life of spring
Are the poet's flowers of fancy
And his music's carolling.

And when Time's winter endeth,
And the world again grows young,
It will be because in her sadness
The hopeful poets have sung.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

So kind and simple are his words, he seems
Like one who takes a loved child by the hand,
And, sympathizing with his eager dreams,
Leads him along through a delightful land.

His heart was pure and lifted him above
All wayward impulse and all lower aim,
He sung of gracious courtship and true love,
And cherished only the domestic flame.

He stood beside the workman at his task,
As at the forge or potter's wheel he wrought,
And, answering questions that the heart will ask,
The meaning of life's various toils he taught.

And yet he looked beyond life's daily round,
And ne'er forgot man's higher destinies;
Like that sweet bird whose nest is on the ground,
He singing soared, and drew us to the skies.

That early faith that saw that with the grain
Death also reaps the fair unfolding flower
Only that it in heaven may bloom again,
Abode and strengthened to his latest hour.

And in those closing years when one by one
Departed from him every cherished friend,
He calmly said that they before had gone,
And did not dream that friendship had an end.

In age he saw no shadows of the night,
But to his passing hour he held the pen,
And "Daybreak and the world rolls into light"
Was the last message that he gave to men.

The mother land received him as her son,
And 'mid her bards and heroes gave him place,
And showed the world how much our poet has done
To strengthen ties that bind the Saxon race.

His name is blazoned on the historic wall,
His tablet rests 'mid warriors and kings,
Around him all the antique splendors fall,
And every day the pilgrim's homage brings.*

O, kindly poet! England has honored thee,
But yet thou hast at home a nobler shrine;
Now and through all the ages yet to be
The heart of all America is thine.

* Longfellow and Lowell are the only foreign poets whose cenotaphs have been admitted to Westminster Abbey, the resting place of England's most honored dead.

LESSONS LEARNED FROM HIAWATHA

He that reads these Indian legends,
Reads them with a right attention,
Reads them with true understanding,
Learns the mystery of suffering,
Learns the ministry of sorrow,
Learns the secret of existence,
Learns the greatest, highest lesson,
Learns the lesson of God's goodness,
Of God's deep, unchanging goodness.

This the function of the drama,
This the purpose of the epic;
Hiawatha is an epic,
One of the world's greatest epics
One that opens understandings,
One that purifies affections,
One that nerves to nobler actions.

Some have sneered at Hiawatha,
Sneered at Hiawatha's maker,
Said he borrowed all his fancies,
Borrowed all his words of wisdom,
Borrowed all his tropes and figures,
Borrowed all his songs and measures,
Said his strains were artificial,
Said his pipings were but echoes,
Borrowed notes and imitative,
Like the singing of the starling,
Like the voice of saucy magpie,
Like the words of foolish parrot.

Silly people or malicious
They who speak in such a manner,

Knowing not the artist's nature,
Knowing not the ways of craftsmen,
Knowing not how all men's buildings
Must be laid upon foundations.
Every man learns from forerunners,
Learns from wisdom of the ages.
Even he the prince of poets
Learned from every predecessor;
None of Shakespeare's plots are Shakespeare's,
Borrowed all from earlier poets,
Gathered from the old romances,
Gathered from the dull historians,
Gathered from the monkish legends,
Gathered from rude ballad makers.
All as old as human nature
Are the plots of William Shakespeare,
All are as new as new-born children
Are the workings of his fancy.
Time had tarnished what he gathered,
Or unknown to English people
Still it slept in alien language,
Or the thought was half developed,
Crudely uttered all the passion.
And he showed the latent meanings,
Drew the coarse lines into fineness,
Gave the characters new motives,
Turned the harsh words into music;
So he changed the old traditions,
So transformed them into beauty,
Changed from creeping things to soaring
All the old imperfect stories,
Still preserving some old outlines
Yet transmuting flints to jewels.

Wonderful the power of genius;
 All it touches turns to treasure;
 Mightier is the poet than Midas,
 For the base things he makes golden
 Are more useful when transmuted.
 Better bread to feed the hungry,
 Better clothing for the naked,
 Better medicine for the sick ones,
 Better couches for the weary,
 Come by adding grace and beauty;
 Nothing ever is so useful
 That it is not helped by beauty.

We arise from the perusal
 Of the song of Hiawatha
 Loving more the poet, the maker,
 Loving more the merry gleeman,
 Loving more the gentle minstrel,
 Loving more the simple singer,
 Loving more the shepherd's piping,
 Loving more the lover's luting,
 Loving more guitar and tabor,
 Loving less the war drum's rattle,
 Loving less the blaring trumpet,
 Loving less the clanging cymbal,
 Loving more the great world organs,
 Loving more the bards prophetic,
 Loving most man's truest helpers.

Poets make all coarse things finer,
 Bring all jarring notes to concord,
 Find the clue to all the mazes,
 Loosen every knot and tangle,
 Search out Nature's closest secrets,

Lift men up from their despairings ;
Teach religion to the nations,
Teach the nations laws of duty,
Teach the nations laws of kindness,
Fill mankind with higher purpose,
Lead mankind forever forward,
Pointing to the higher future
And the distant goal of progress.

Well the poet is called the maker,
For he makes men's natures better,
Makes them lay aside the brutish,
Makes them seek to be more godlike.
Great things does he by his singing,
By the glories of his visions,
By the wonders of his wisdom.

Hiawatha's maker gathered
From the lore of all the ages,
Gathered from ten thousand sources,
Drew into his net of learning
Pearls from every shore of ocean,
Gathered his bouquet of flowers
From the blooms of every garden,
Drank from every fount of wisdom,
Caught the notes of each musician,
Learned the secrets of each thinker.

Wisely Hiawatha's maker
Used his vast accumulations,
Like the architect who quarries
Everywhere the choicest marbles,
Cuts his cedars from the forests,
Brings his metals from the mountain,

Shapes each to its highest beauty,
 Orders all with some new purpose,
 Unifies all he has gathered,
 Sends his own soul thrilling through them.

Poor and crude all that he borrowed,
 Rich and finished all he gave us;
 All his sources were forgotten,
 All his books were laid on one side,
 When he set his pen to paper:
 He forgot all other singers,
 He sung only from his feelings,
 Sung from his own surging fancies,
 Sung from his own deep emotions,
 Sung from his own close observings
 Of the wondrous course of Nature,
 Of the ways of men and women.

We praise Hiawatha's maker,
 Praise his sweetness as a singer,
 Praise his skill as a great teacher,
 Praise him as a peace apostle,
 As a man who loved his brothers,
 Sought to benefit and bless them.

I am here as his disciple,
 In my slower brain revolving
 Patiently his gracious lessons,
 Catching words of inspiration,
 Learning from his deathless teaching
 What I may of life and duty,
 Echoing as I may his music,
 Following as I may his footsteps,
 Like some servant of a harper,

Bearing after his famed master
 Precious instrument of music,
 Tuning it as bids the master,
 Touching reverently and softly
 Strings that he was wont to waken,
 Playing softly on the harp strings
 By instinctive imitation,
 Bringing from them fainter echoes
 When the master's self is silent.

“ Every human heart is human ”
 Sang America's best poet ;
 He the many-languaged scholar,
 Knowing songs of all the nations,
 He disdained not his poor brothers,
 He found virtue in the red men,
 He enjoyed their strange traditions,
 He enjoyed their simple fancies,
 He has pictured all their struggles,
 All their strivings to rise higher,
 All their longings for more knowledge,
 All their holier aspirations.

He has glorified the wigwam
 With a tale of true affection ;
 Minnehaha moves in beauty,
 Shines as bright as star in heaven,
 Lives in every heart's affection,
 Joins the troop of radiant maidens
 Gathered out of all the countries.

All the beauty-loving poets,
 All the virtue-praising singers,
 Seeking everywhere fair women,

Seeking everywhere true lovers,
 Have not found a fairer maiden
 Than the maiden Minnehaha,
 Have not found a nobler hero
 Than the hero Hiawatha,
 Have not found a man and woman,
 Have not found a wife and husband,
 More endearing, more pathetic,
 Than the Indian Minnehaha,
 Than the red-man Hiawatha.

“ Every human heart is human : ”
 We are thankful for the lesson,
 We arise from its perusal
 Better men and better women,
 With more charity for others,
 With hearts softened with new pity,
 With eyes opened to new beauty,
 With new hopes for all the races,
 With new faith in the long future.

We have learned from Hiawatha
 Loving more the songs of children,
 Children with their wiles and dimples,
 Children with their curious questions,
 Children with their teeming fancies,
 Children with their eager pleasures,
 Children with their boundless visions,
 Children with their trustful spirits,
 Children with their tender longings.

We have learned from Hiawatha
 More to love the strength of manhood,
 Manhood with its heavy burdens,

Manhood with its growing knowledge,
 Manhood with its tireless labors,
 Its self-sacrifices endless:
 Fatherhood that makes man likest
 To the one Almighty Father,
 Teaches man to give protection,
 To the tender and the helpless,
 Brings the highest joy man knoweth,
 Joy of ministry to loved ones.

We arise from the perusal
 Of these ancient Indian legends,
 Loving more the breath of morning,
 Loving more the stars of midnight,
 Loving more the sunrise glories,
 Loving more the sunset shadows,
 Loving more the whole of Nature
 In her every tone and aspect,
 With new love for the fresh woodland,
 More affection for the flowers,
 Loving more the brooks and rivers,
 Loving more the rippling waters,
 Loving more the plains and meadows,
 Loving more the clouds and mountains;
 Kinder toward the forest dwellers,
 Loving more the deer and bison,
 Loving more the careful beaver
 With his almost human foresight,—
 He the chief of toolless builders,
 He the skillful engineer,
 He who builds his great breakwaters,
 Fells the giants of the forest
 With the axes Nature gave him,
 Lays the huge logs in position,

Makes his water-tight compartments,
 Builds his various locks and sluices,
 Brings the water to the level
 That he figured out as fitting,
 He the forest calculator,
 Quadruped geometrician,
 He man's one aquatic rival,
 He who builds himself a mansion,
 Builds himself a dwelling spacious,
 Fits it with a front and back door,
 Plasters it like skillful mason,
 Rounds the walls to curves of beauty,
 Smooths the floors to perfect levels,
 Sits in coolness all the summer
 Master of his shaded dwelling,
 Sits in warmth in coldest winter
 Like a farmer by his fireside;
 Let us praise and love the beaver,
 Wisest of four-footed creatures.

Reading these old Indian legends
 Is like visiting the forest.
 We arise from the perusal
 Loving more the flying squirrel,
 He who, spreading wing-like membranes,
 Leaps like some trapeze performer
 Recklessly o'er longest spaces;
 Always judging well his distance,
 Laughs he at the thought of danger,
 Safely lights he where he chooses,
 He the chief of all the leapers;
 Then he runs about the branches,
 Fearing not the slender offshoots,
 Fearing not their ceaseless swaying,

He the wondrous equilibrist
 Seeking no applause or money;
 Only going about his business,
 Only leaping for his pleasure,
 He performs his matchless marvels.

Reading these old Indian legends
 We come closer to our brothers,
 Our four-footed humbler brothers;
 Love we more the pretty chipmunk,
 He who seeks man for his neighbor,
 Digs his hole by woodman's cabin,
 Comes to eat the scattered fragments
 Thrown by carelessness or bounty.
 Pleasant are his graceful gambols,
 All his little spurts and dashes,
 All his posturings and waitings.
 Oft he sits erect and watches,
 Sits as motionless as stoneheap,
 Looking round him with sharp glances
 Till he sees his way to safety,
 Then his little feet go twinkling
 Swiftly to their destination,
 And he laughs at his own shrewdness,
 Thinks himself a cunning fellow,
 Plumes himself on his devices,
 Smiles with pity on his neighbors
 Who are not so richly gifted.
 Hiawatha loved the chipmunk,
 And he called him little brother.

Reading these old Indian legends,
 All the simple-hearted learning
 Of the ancient forest-lwellers,

They whose books were in the streamlets,
 They whose sermons were in mountains,
 They to whom the trees oft whispered,
 Whispered very pleasant secrets,
 They to whom the winds had voices,
 Gentle voices in the summer,
 Telling man of kindly spirits,
 Cruel voices in the winter,
 Making him afraid of devils,
 They to whom the dreadful thunders
 And red lightnings were as warnings,
 Warnings of a day of vengeance
 For the man who wronged his neighbor,
 Who forgot the law of justice,
 Who neglected deeds of kindness —
 Reading these old Indian legends
 Is like reading picture writing,
 Spelling out man's earliest lessons,
 Gathering wisdom from old sources,
 Wisdom old but unexhausted.

Many bards are in these legends,
 Birds of every voice and plumage,
 Birds that live among the branches,
 Birds that float upon the waters,
 Birds that soar above the mountains
 Joying in their isolation,
 Joying in the storms and tempests,
 Sailing on their tireless pinions.
 Reading these old Indian legends,
 Learn we all the forms and habits
 Of the many feathered races,
 Learn of swans that sail so stately,
 Learn of loons so shy and wary,

Learn of busy skimming swallows
Flying low o'er pond and river,
Wheeling quickly back and forward,
Wheeling round in endless circles
Till their fluttering wings are weary,
Resting them with many a twitter,
On the doorstep of their houses,
Basking in the yellow sunlight,
Gossiping with all their neighbors.
Chief of all the feathered gossips
Red men thought the twittering swallows;
Many are the pretty stories
Which they tell to one another;
At their jokes they laugh and chuckle,
Chatter tales of misadventure,
Tell how this one soiled his feathers,
How he dived in muddy water,
How his wings were all bedraggled,
How his feet were clogged and miry.

Hiawatha knew their voices,
He delighted long to listen
To the tales they told each other,
Tales of their successful hunting,
Tales of triumph over foemen,
Tales of their escape from dangers,
Tales of all their joys and sorrows.
Let us learn from Hiawatha,
Let us love the birds our brothers,
Love our humbler fellow creatures.

Reading these old Indian legends
We grow wise in forest wisdom,
More observant of the plumage

Of the gaily-dressed bird-lovers,
 More observant of the beauty
 Of the bright coat of the pigeon,
 Of the oriole's wings of yellow,
 Of the lapwing's crest that glitters,
 Of the humming bird that sparkles,
 Sparkles in the dazzling sunlight,
 Flashes like the brightest sapphire,
 As he flashes yon and hither,
 As he hovers like a rainbow,
 Like a tiny, living rainbow,
 Poising by his wings' vibration
 Over some sweet-scented flower,
 Some delicious clover blossom,
 Some rich odor of the lily,
 Some unguarded hive of fragrance,
 Hovering till he drinks its honey,
 Till he sips out all its nectar,—
 He the feathered Epicurus,
 He the winged candy-eater,
 Fond of sweet things as a school-girl.

Reading these old Indian legends
 We come closer to our brothers,
 Our two-winged humbler brothers,
 Hear we better all the music,
 Of the joyous greenwood-singers,
 As they carol 'mid the branches
 Songs of longing and affection.

From the birds that fly above us
 We have learned yet other lessons;
 Birds are types of true affection,
 Birds are types of aspiration,

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Birds have given us thoughts of angels,
 Birds say to us, "Fly from evil,"
 Birds say by their far migrations,
 Journeys to the sunny islands,
 "We are seeking fairer countries,
 Countries where men dwell in kindness,
 Dwell in happiness eternal,
 Lands where sorrow never enters,
 Lands where death is known no longer."

Such comparisons these legends,
 Everywhere contain in plenty,
 These the humors of old poets,
 Of the earlier ballad makers,
 Kindly jests at every foible
 Of their humbler forest brothers,
 Kindly censures for their failings,
 Kindly praises for their virtues,
 Never ignorant aloofness
 From the smallest of God's creatures.

Very wonderful all creatures,
 Very strange the world we live in,
 Our red brothers could not fathom
 All its mysteries and marvels;
 Not much wiser we than they were,
 We too only look and wonder,
 Wonder at the depths of wisdom,
 Wonder at the varied beauty,
 Wonder at the power transcendent,
 Wonder at the bounteous goodness
 Of the infinite Creator.

Such the lessons Hiawatha
 Teaches those that read him rightly.

“CUPID IN COLLEGE”

I sing a school which modest honor bears ;
No gray and storied stately seat of learning,
Where medieval dons with solemn airs,
All modern innovations proudly spurning,
Solely devote their pedagogic cares
To keeping ancient classic fires well burning ;
But a bright, sturdy, pushing Western school,
Where new, progressive principles bear rule.

Yet forms like those of elder days are here ;
In noble outline 'gainst the azure sky
The lofty spire and pinnacle appear
On mighty base to heaven uplifted high ;
So stately do the massive walls uprear,
It is an education to pass by
And daily drink in through the raptured sense
The monumental pile's mute eloquence.

A few miles from Chicago may be view'd —
Strangely contrasting with the city's roar —
A scene of peace, halls hidden in a wood,
That crowns a ridge close bordering the shore.
Learning ne'er had sweeter solitude
Than this when Earth her summer garments wore,
And e'en when Winter strips her almost bare
Some constant charms still fondly linger there.

The unsparing sky wears not a sullen frown,
As though in wrath her winter rigors fell,
But ever with a cheerful eye looks down
As one that spareth not yet loveth well ;

The oak's green dress will fade to serest brown,
Still, she is clad as though to all to tell
Some little of the glories which the spring
With its unchanging fashions soon will bring.

Lake Michigan, with all his myriad faces,
Has not one aspect which has not its charm,
Smiling sometimes with tiny dimpling graces,
Sometimes stretched league on league in glassy calm,
Bearing on his broad brow no lingering traces
Of troubles past, but, like a pictured psalm.
Breathing still thankfulness and rest alone,
Like that untroubled sea before God's throne.

As for the other features of the site ;
To guard the moral interests of the school,
To keep young men within the bounds of right,
And all hot brains as far as might be cool,
It was ordained by law that no one might
Sell potent liquors, or evade this rule
By any subterfuge, dodge, quirk, or shift,
Or thin preposterous pretense of gift.

Fed on this moral milk, the baby grows
Exceedingly, outstripping every brother,
And scarce twelve years out of his swaddling clothes,
A lusty boy, his passion cannot smother
For a fair maiden, who, he thinks he knows,
Is not averse to be a wife and mother ;
In bashful courtship was his suit disclosed,
And, being encouraged, he at length proposed.

To cast aside the figurative veil ;
I mean to say, the university

Early admitted to its learned pale
A Woman's College with a gallantry
Descending into every small detail,
And saying, in effect, we now agree
That equally the stern sex and the fair
Henceforth shall have our pedagogic care.

So woman comes in all her various forms ;
Slim slips of girls enter the lowest door,
Bright, pert, young misses come in fluttering swarms,
Sedate, ambitious maidens by the score ;
To guard all these from all contingent harms
And set a perfect pattern them before,
Grave and judicious dames in each degree
Of rank appear, Professor, Dean, Trustee.

The sexes jostle now in learning's race ;
Freshman no longer means a gawky boy,
But half the time a form of female grace,
Whose charms will cause her brother Freshman joy,
Or grief, or palpitation, and displace
The thoughts some learned page should then employ ;
But use will check his blood's impetuous rush,
And ere the year's out he will cease to blush.

For soon the fair young goddesses come down
From their tall pedestals amid the skies ;
Their pearly skins grow rough and flecked and brown,
Smaller and much less lustrous their bright eyes ;
Whether it is they've really homelier grown,
And paid their beauty's riches to be wise,
Or that no charms will bear too close inspection,
I leave to you to make your own election.

Still woman's graces reassert their sway ;

 If not an angel, she is very pretty,
And, though awhile the boisterous Freshman may
 Look on the sex with a half scornful pity,
And rather spend his leisure hours in play
 Than writing to their charms a limping ditty,
A year or two will bring them back again,
And teach him patiently to bear his chain.

Matches are made in heaven and in mixed schools ;

 Though study doubtless makes young people sage,
And Thought's cold atmosphere Love's ardor cools,
 Yet neither quite can conquer blood and age ;
However much the love of learning rules
 The love of woman will some thought engage ;
Sly Cupid sage Minerva will outwit,
And, though she shields, some shafts their mark will
 hit.

The little archer has such great variety

 Of light and heavy arrows at command
That few or none can live in mixed society
 And quite escape a wound from his deft hand ;
He bars his shafts with beauty, wit, or piety,
 With grace in dress, or dash, or manners bland,
But in some way he gives his weapons point,
And aims unerring at the armor's joint.

True love does not disdain a child's young heart,

 But constant, deep affection will begin
Almost with life itself, and seem a part
 Of dawning consciousness ; 'twill sweetly win
Two little prattlers all devoid of art
 To nestle by each other cheek and chin,

'Twill arch their pretty brows and light their eyes,
And make them seem two cherubs from the skies.

Love conquers those of every age and station,
But I maintain its very finest glow
Is not the heritage of every nation,
And was not known till a short time ago;
It is a product of coeducation,
For only can a man and woman grow
To love each other in a perfect way
When mind o'er mind and heart o'er heart hold sway.

How beauty fascinates the manly heart!
How patient goodness awes and wins the soul!
And yet, with all their power, there is a part
Of life which these alone cannot control;
These are a soil in which true love may start
But if it is to ripen rich and whole
There must be common knowledge, hope, and aim,
Such sympathy as makes the life the same.

College coeducation is still new
And yet this is not merely theory;
I have observed facts which support the view,
And could give instances not two or three,
But, for the present, one, I hope, will do
Out of the many that occur to me.
The case is that of Ronald and of May,
The time perhaps a score of years away.

She was as fair and radiant as the morn,
Her hair was like the rising sun's bright gold,
Her eyes had the soft blue of skies new born,
Her cheeks the flush the early cloudlets hold;

The graces which trees, birds, and flowers adorn,
And every beauty earth and heaven unfold,
Heightened and blended in her form were seen,
And so she walked, creation's joy and queen.

The fairest maid where every maid was fair,
She caused a flutter in each manly heart;
But, though each man admired, no man did dare
To act a forward or presumptuous part,
For she a modest dignity did wear,
And shunned instinctively the coquette's art;
So naught alloyed the wonder that she raised,
But her meek splendors even rivals praised

When May presented her certificate,
Each study marked with a becoming figure,
Which let her in as a matriculate
Without examination's dreaded rigor,
There also entered at the freshman gate
A youth whose record showed an equal vigor,
And so they launched upon the self-same stream
But of a nearer contact did not dream.

The two met often in the lecture-rooms,
And took each other's intellectual measure,
But social intercourse no one presumes
To think of there or mere colloquial pleasure;
The reader with no hint from me assumes
For these a fitting place and hour of leisure;
In recitation, science rules the breast,
And every foreign thought is dispossessed.

There sex is lost, and man is but a mind,
And woman but a disembodied brain,

But when they leave the lecture-room behind
All elements of life awake again;
The sight returns to those who have been blind;
They meet upon the common human plane;
Once more 'tis man and woman and not student,
And conduct then is less severely prudent.

People who see each other every day,
Bow on the street and nod upon the stairs;
Although they do so in a formal way,
Grow to regard each other unawares;
Quick sympathies begin their interplay
As daily routine each with other shares;
Class pride awakens, too, and shapes their ends,
And soon they are a company of friends.

Each youth was courteous to every maid,
Each maid decorously polite in turn,
But all were shy and awkward and afraid
To manifest particular concern;
Some blundering plots and stratagems were laid,
And fires of jealousy began to burn,
Chiefly round May, which were not quite concealed
From her, though she no preference revealed.

She courteously declined all invitations
From gentlemen to witness games of ball,
To visit concerts and such convocations
As students frequent, and if there at all
Was there attended by female relations
Who stood about her as a sort of wall;
So, seeing that so little they availed,
In course of time such invitations failed.

The fact is, that the maiden knew her mind;
She came for study, not for mild flirtation;
To be the foremost scholar she designed,
And not to waste her time in dissipation;
Not that she rode a hobby or inclined
To seek a strange or unbecoming station;
With homely sense, although endowed with beauty,
She merely did what she conceived her duty.

And Ronald's conduct was a counterpart;
His healthy youth all bent on work or play,
The fellow hardly knew he had a heart,
And had not filed his tongue soft words to say;
Unfearing and unknowing Cupid's dart,
He went upon his busy, manly way,
Enjoying to his full his present life,
Not prematurely thinking of a wife.

He studied hard and won a Kappa key
As one of the best scholars in his class;
Yet not a pale, dyspeptic bookworm he,
But for an all-round athlete he might pass;
In fact, there were not more than two or three
Who showed to like advantage on the grass
Of the athletic field, and none did more
To roll up at baseball a winning score.

Some still remember the great play he made
And saved a game that hopeless seemed to all;
The score was two to one, eight innings played;
Two men were out, and it was his third ball;
He struck it over the left fielder's head,
And through a window in Memorial hall —
Made a home run and brought two others in,
And thus the game and championship did win.

Nor was he less successful at the game
For which an ancient Spartan would not blush,
But in football his opposite o'ercame
By skillful tackle or by sturdy push.
At once so vigorous and lithe his frame,
He was a fitting man to lead a rush,
Or, when by strength an opening had been won,
To make a touchdown by a rapid run.

They sang together in the chapel choir;
His mighty basso made the guilty quake;
Her sweet soprano rose an octave higher
And made our holier impulses to wake.
Our souls would to devotion's heights aspire,
And on Faith's wings the earth almost forsake.
Thus Ronald's piety quite swiftly grew,
But earthly love, I think, was growing, too.

The graduating day at last drew near;
She foremost woman and he foremost man,
But as remote, for all that might appear,
As when four years before their course began,
When in a way that may seem rather queer
O'erruling Fate devised the perfect plan
By accident their lives to interlock,
As crystals are perfected by a shock.

There is a sudden curve in the low shore
And dangerous headland sinking to a shoal
Which every day some fifty ships or more
Pass closely, with Chicago as their goal —
A dreaded point when furious north winds roar
And Michigan's soon-roused, fierce billows roll.
But Uncle Sam, with wise and prudent care,
Has placed a far-seen light as signal there,

But there are times when friendly lights are vain,
When vain are knowledge, seamanship, and skill,
When the wild tempests rule the watery main,
And the strong elements work out their will;
When sails are rent and masts break with the strain,
When seams yawn wide, and all the hatches fill;
When helpless hulks are dashed upon the coast,
And shuddering crews yield up themselves as lost.

How oft in such extreme the lifeboat nears,
Manned by a college crew, pride of the lakes!
Right through the boiling surf her course she steers,
And all the clinging crew to safety takes;
The quickly gathered crowd send hearty cheers,
And all the country answering echo makes;
And government strikes medals of pure gold
To honor deed so skillful and so bold.

Ronald, as member of this stalwart crew
Had learned to battle with the wind and wave;
He swam when soft skies bent o'er waters blue,
And when beneath black clouds the billows rave;
Strong limbed, broad chested, there indeed were few
Who were at once so skillful and so brave;
He'd do Leander's feat, as stories show it,
Or rival Byron, the aquatic poet.

Upon a calm and cloudless night in June,
The class of which I write, bent on diversion,
And knowing that they must be parted soon,
Set out upon a nautical excursion.
Farewells upon the water 'neath the moon
(Experience bids me make the last assertion)
Than others are more sweet and last much longer,
And vows thus made than others are much stronger.

And so to bind their friendship as a class
They chartered a new vessel run by steam,
And that their hours more pleasantly might pass
They loaded her with sweetmeats and ice cream;
A band with instruments, both stringed and brass,
Discoursed soft music like a fairy's dream,
And so they left the dusky shore and heat
Upon the cool expanse to seek retreat.

They laughed and joked and dwelt in fond review
Upon the four swift years that now were passed;
Remembrance brightened all with magic hue,
And hope its golden beam upon them cast.
Laden with joy the priceless minutes flew;
Earth were a heaven could such feelings last,
And while the instruments "responsive rung,"
With blended voices thus they sweetly sung:

"Dear college days, how fast they go!
Time's brightest, swiftest river,
Yet wear a channel as they flow
That memory holds forever.
Oh, Alma Mater! Mother dear!
Thy children still will love thee,
And pray that every future year
Bright skies may be above thee."

The last notes floated softly on the air,
And silence which none wished to break ensued;
There was a hush in Nature everywhere
Which their young spirits to itself subdued;
So strangely tranquil winds and waters were
Man felt himself in such a scene intrude;
His throbbing engines plowing through the deep
Jarred on the sacredness of Nature's sleep.

And Nature woke in anger, for a cloud

Rushed with fierce suddenness across the sky;
The lightnings flashed, the winds grew hoarse and
loud,

The writhing billows tossed their white crests high,
The vessel to the furious tempest bowed,

And, turning homeward, sought the worst to fly,
But quicker than her flight, with blinding flash,
A thunderbolt fell on her with a crash.

It struck so near the youthful company

That some fell prostrate at the sudden blow;
Some were so dazzled that they could not see,

But in alarm groped wildly to and fro.
But none were killed outright, though two or three
Received a shock they never will outgrow,
But always feel amid the lightning's play
A chill born of the terror of that day.

Those who were first to gather consciousness

Bestirred themselves for those still stunned and
dazed;

They chafe their rigid limbs, their hands they press,
And wistfully with pallid faces gazed;

They had been thus engaged an hour or less,
And hopes that all would soon be well were raised,
When some one with a start was heard to say,
"What has become of Ronald and of May?"

In vain they searched the ship from stem to stern,

Ronald and May were nowhere to be seen;
The hardy captain, when implored to turn
And seek again the place where they had been,
Did not with harshness their petition spurn,
But said, as he looked sadly on the scene,

“I will not risk more lives in such a gale,
And in such darkness search would not avail.”

But where were May and Ronald while their fate
Was rousing sorrow which no hope could check?
Bleeding and stunned and in a senseless state
She had been swept by fierce winds from the deck,
But Ronald saw her fall and did not wait
A moment, but plunged down to seize the speck
Of white which floated on the cold, dark tide,
But which unfathomed depths so soon might hide.

His shouts as he swam toward her were lost
Amid the louder howlings of the gale,
But still he seized his prize, and as he tossed
Upon the surge his stout heart did not fail;
Five miles away the light upon the coast
Sent o’er the waters a reflection pale,
But by the helpless burden which he bore
His progress was impeded to the shore.

At length, in the chill waters, May revived
And wondered where she was, and when at last
She saw by what a slender hope she lived,
And what the perils were which must be passed,
She said that Ronald must not be deprived
Of life for her, but that she must be cast
Adrift, or both would find a watery grave,
But Ronald, if alone, himself could save.

But such a plea nerved Ronald’s powers anew,
To such a woman how could he be traitor?
He felt the thrill known only to the true,
The joy of duty, than all pleasure greater,

And made the firm resolve that either two
Should reach the shore alive and baffle fate, or,
Unshamed by cowardice, he would go down,
And at the worst in peace of conscience drown.

Hour after hour through that long, troubled night
The heaving waters tossed them to and fro,
But luckily for those in such a plight
The billows rolled the way they wished to go;
'Twas lucky, too, that with the morning light
The storm subsided and wind ceased to blow,
But yet he had made hardly half his way
When rose the sun and brought the welcome day.

May, worn and buffeted, lay like one dead,
And even on the surface thus might drown,
But Ronald from her dress tore off a shred,
Though while he did it both almost sank down,
And with it bound the maiden's drooping head,
Her gold hair streaming o'er his shoulders brown,
For ere he leaped some clothes he thought to doff;
And in the water more had shaken off.

On, on he toiled, and still the tall, white spires
Of College halls seems distant as before;
The day grew hot, and soon the sun's fierce fires
With great red blisters made his body sore;
Hungry and faint, his courage half expires,
But still he doggedly his burden bore,
And after twelve hours' swimming reached the land,
And sank exhausted on the burning sand.

There senseless, but still breathing, they were found,
His dark locks mingling with her golden hair;

They raised them tenderly from off the ground,
Much marveling at their fortune to be there;
In three weeks skillful nursing brought May 'round,
But Ronald baffled long the doctor's care,
And for as many weary months was ill,
Now burnt with fear and now faint with chill.

While pale and wasted on his couch he lay
His black eyes shining with unearthly light,
He often raved deliriously of May,
And all her perils on that awful night;
He feared that she was drowning when away
And wished to have her always in his sight;
He raised his head and threw each shrunken limb
In feeble strokes like one who meant to swim.

But youth and native vigor won at last;
The frenzy ceased, and health and strength returned;
The weeks of convalescence quickly passed,
For Ronald now with a new purpose yearned.
May had consented and the die was cast;
Perhaps she thought that she was fairly earned,
And that he ought not long to live in doubt,
And somehow helped his blundering weakness out.

The birds sang gayly in the morning air,
And Nature wore her most benignant smile,
When May and Ronald as a bridal pair
Marched to soft music up the church's aisle;
Tall, handsome youths and bridesmaids passing fair,
With warm congratulations past them file,
And parents tremulous with happiness
Renew their youth as they look on and bless.
May thinks coeducation a success,
And Ronald in his heart with her agrees,

But is not always willing to confess,

And from excess of fondness likes to tease.

Yet is there not an hour he does not bless

His Alma Mater and her memories,

Though it may be remarked among his whims

These later years he very rarely swims.

I do not know if this or other cases

Led to the passing of a rigid rule;

They tied all students in the straitest laces

As long as they were members of the school,

Forbidding them to go to dangerous places

Or in or on the water play the fool,

All I know is that now such an excursion

Is looked on by our rulers with aversion,

And now, to point the moral of this tale,

And for a moment think about its meaning;

It is, Coeducation will prevail,

The most conservative that way are learning;

Berlin and Paris, Oxford, Cambridge, Yale,

Themselves in vain in prejudice are screening;

The lonely monkish pedantries are dead,

The world asks human culture in their stead.

Not with the blare of trumpet, sound of drum,

Not with diplomacy and proclamation,

But silently the greatest forces come,

And quite unmark'd by casual observation;

So, though when it was made all men were dumb,

No change was more momentous to this nation

Than that by which the avenues of knowledge

Were opened wide to women by the College.

This seeming little change was very great

And greatest consequences from it flow;

It means the end of wars and deadly hate,
It means the reign of mercy here below,
It means a better government in state,
It means religion will have purer glow,
It means that life will move on higher planes,
And doubled energies bring doubled gains.

I see the nobler race that will arise
When men's monastic follies all are gone,
And they shall learn that they can ne'er be wise
Or good or happy if they live alone;
That each sex still a needed part supplies,
He gives a stronger, she a finer tone,
And that 'tis only when their voices blend
That earth's best music may to heav'n ascend.

LAKE MICHIGAN

The skies o'er Michigan are kind,
Not always gray, not always blue,
But suiting every mood of mind,
And showing every beauteous hue.
Sometimes the heavens are softened with a veil,
Sometimes o'er the blue deeps light shadows sail,
At dawn, at eve, the skies blush like the rose,
And at midnight all the starry pageant shows;
At every hour through all the varied year
New wonders and new glories still appear.

Fair as above thee bends the changeful sky,
So fair beneath thy crystal waters lie;
Thou art the favored daughter of the sea,
Thy father's ample limbs are seen in thee,
But with a sweeter grace and purity!
Thy robe of green a brighter color shows,
At touch of air thy wave more lightly flows;
Thy father's salt floods are a deadly waste,
But thine refresh the frame, delight the taste.

Around thee flows the ever-changing sand,
The child alike of water and of land,
The soft, warm, yellow sand that flows in rills
Down the smooth sides of all the wind-made hills,
The yielding sand that, when the strong breeze blows,
In half-reluctant, mimic billows flows,
The joyous sand that in the burning heat
Sings its low song beneath the traveler's feet.
No frowning rocks awake the sailor's fear,
But lake and shore are kindly neighbors here.
No treacherous currents by their secret force

Thwart all his skill and drive him from his course;
The fruits, the grains, the woods that round thee
 grow
Thy friendly waters carry to and fro;
Hail, Michigan, life-giving inland sea,
Health, beauty, wealth, alike we owe to thee.

THE WANTON WIND

Whence com'st thou, O Wind, on thy rushing wing
And where art thou going in thy wandering?
Where art thou seeking thy resting place?
What is the goal of thy mighty race?
"I seem to follow an idle will,
And my resting place I am seeking still:
I have been to the place of sunny skies,
I have been where the purple iceberg lies,
I have climbed the mountain's highest steep,
And circled about the mighty deep;
I have played with the tops of the forest tree,
And chased the wild-bird over land and sea;
I have cut like a sword through the heart of space,
And have loitered the idle gnat to chase;
I have whirled the column of arid sand,
And dashed the surge on the moaning land;
I have squeezed through crannies and forced my way
Into dark, foul caverns unreached by day,
I have lightly toyed with a lady's veil,
And strained with full lungs the bursting sail;
I have dipped my feet in the morning dew,
And chased the cloud-lambs on their meadow blue;
I have gathered the water from sea and lake
To give to the land its thirst to slake,
I have tossed gay childhood's silken hair,
And dried the damps on the brow of care;
I have torn hot Fever from his thin prey,
And hurried the wasting Plague away;
I have ruffled the yellow sea of grain,
And cheered the reapers beside the wain;
I have winnowed the wheat and whirled around
The great bur-stones that it might be ground;

I have carried the bread to the hungry shore,
Made the hearth to blaze and the oven roar;
But I tarry too long, I must haste away
And this parting word will I only say,—
Where'er I have been, I have been for good,
To the city full or the solitude,
And whether I seem to work or play
I follow the voice of law alway."

A WORLD REVERIE

Each tree yields much seed-bearing fruit,
But only few seeds e'er take root,
And of these few not one in ten
E'er grows and ripens seed again.
Behold the oak in pride of power
Lets fall its acorns in a shower ;
But as they lie upon the grass
A greedy swine may chance to pass,
And in ten minutes at his ease
Devour the would-be forest trees ;
And if a few escape and grow,
'Tis but to meet another foe.
Soon as their tender stalks they raise,
Some sheep may nibble, cow may graze,
Or, all these dangers safely passed,
The owner may condemn at last,
And say, " Cut down these little trees ;
I have no use for such as these ;
They occupy a needed space ;
Let grass or grain grow in their place."

Thus musing, as I watched the sky
And all the sparkling worlds on high,
I thought, Perchance stars are like seeds,
And only one in scores succeeds ;
Our earth may be the luckiest one
Of all that dance around the sun ;
We may have passed the danger stage
And be progressing age by age ;
In all the universe no nook
May have a brighter forward look ;
Shakespeare may be the foremost brain

Not of one world, but all the train;
The men in Jupiter or Mars,
Or Venus — brightest of our stars —
May be but pigmies in their size,
And but as pigmies good or wise;
Or it may be their hideous shapes
Are only those of chattering apes;
Or it may be the only ball
On which there's any life at all
Is the dear earth on which we live,
And on which all the virtues thrive.

Perchance of all the globes in space
Ours lags the hindmost in the race;
Perchance on every star above
Sinless immortals sing and love;
Perchance on every ball of fire
Seraphic intellects aspire;
Perchance all worlds beyond our air
Are blest, and heaven is everywhere.

A LEGEND OF HESSE

From the German of Franz Dingelstedt.

In Scharfenstein at noon of night awakes a dreadful
din,
With stroke of hoof and clang of sword the mountain
roars within ;
It storms and shakes and rattles at the mountain's rock-
bound side,
Until in yawning gap and gulf it heaves and opens
wide.

Then from the chasms issue forth full many warriors
tall,
And by the moonbeam's ghostly light in ranks of war
they fall,
The trumpet sounds, the helmet gleams, the standards
kiss the wind ;
Proud rides the chief the host before, proud march the
ranks behind.

They hurry through the frightened vale on wings of
fear and wrath,
And like a whirling wind of fire is their fierce onward
path :
“ On, on to Rome ! ” they loudly cry ; “ It is the fateful
hour,
“ And if we cannot now escape we never shall have
power ! ”

'Tis the old tale of Scharfenstein told as our fathers
taught :
At the stern mountain's rocky foot the battle great
was fought,

Then drank the earth the warm life-blood till purple
was its crust,
And Rome's proud eagles victory-wont sank in the
German dust.

Barbarians here, barbarians there as if sprung from
the ground,
While Scharfenstein's unpitying rocks rise everywhere
around;
Then sink 'neath German dart and spear Rome's ranks
of warriors tall,
Like grain beneath the sickle-stroke in harvest time
they fall.

There in this hour of utmost need with hands uplifted
high
And knees low bent upon the earth the General made
his cry;
"Save us, great God, from the disgrace of dying as
a slave,
"And let the mountain ope her heart and be our living
grave."

Then on the right it thunders loud: Jove shakes his
awful head,
And in a moment gaping wide the mountain opens
dread;
Quick vanished then in living tomb the mass of friends
and foes,
And stark and still above them all grim Scharfenstein
doth close.

But still below at noon of night awakes a dreadful 'din,
Then must the prisoned ranks of Rome their freedom
strive to win;

A ghastly army of the dead on to the South they roll,
They march and march yet never reach fair Italy, their
goal.

For at the first voice of the morn the ranks where'er
they be
Back to the brow of Scharfenstein all hurriedly must
flee;
Then as of old the mountain yawns and breathes with
sulphurous breath,
And as the last man enters in, it closes still as death.

A BACHELOR'S WAKING DREAM

Ae nicht, wi' wark sair weary,
 I sat before the fire,
An' watched the shadows eerie
 On the wa' flit an' retire;
They seemed like ghaists or witches
 As they followed ane anither,
An' the shadowy neuks an' niches
 Changed them quick frae ane to ither:
Ae moment, a grim goblin
 The flaughtering flamie threw,
Then to an auld man hobblin'
 Wi' a staff the spectre grew;
A blinkie, an' the wraith
 Changed to an elfin sprite,
Then died awa' they baith
 In the weird uncertain light.
Still as I glowered musing,
 Au' wi' a half-shut e'e,
On the shadows often losing
 A' significance to me,
On a sudden, for an instant,
 On the white wa', I could trace
(Why was it not mair constant?)
 A lassie's bonnie face.
The sheen upo' the stream
 Stays as lang when wavelets swell,
Yet it made me waking dream,
 An' I thus spak to mysel':
Oh! wad I had a wifie,
 A wifie o' my ain,
I'd guard her winsome lifie
 Frae every ill an' pain;

I wad be true unto her,
 I wadna seek to roam;
 An' aye I'd fondly lo'e her,
 And find my joy at home.
 I seek nae high born dame,
 Sae rich, sae fine, sae great;
 She wadna be at hame
 Wi' sic a humble mate;
 But I seek a bonnie lassie,
 Ane o' my ain degree,
 Ane whose sweet winsome facie
 Is a' her dowerie.
 By the wimplin' burn we'd rove
 When simmer days were lang,
 Whyles pensive through our love,
 Whyles bubblin' o'er in sang;
 The voice o' nature ringing
 Its joyfu' jubilee,
 Should fill our hearts wi' singing
 Wi' tenderness our e'e;
 The tunefu' nightingale,
 The cushat's gentle coo,
 As they echoed through the vale,
 Should teach our hearts to woo;
 Wi' all a lo'er's rapture,
 If wi' less o' bashfu'ness,
 A little kiss I'd capture,
 An' steal a soft caress.
 By the ingle neuk we'd sit
 When the dreary winter came,
 While Happiness should flit
 Like an angel through our hame;
 The pelting o' the hail,
 The wind sae snell an' keen,

Should a' hae nae avail
 Gainst the coziness within;
While still it wilder shriekit,
 While still wi' deeper roar,
Rude Boreas vainly keepit
 At our cozy cottage door,
The breeze frae aff the hearthstane
 Should shed a cheerier glow
On my wifie's bonnie face ye kew
 While her gentle voice an' low
Sings some ballad o' the olden time,
 O' the days o' belted Knight,—
Braw Robert Bruce at Bannockburn,
 Or sturdy Wallace wight:
Thus in simmer or in winter
 Alike we'd happy be,
Nae man an' wife contented,
 O' high or low degree.

THE MAY TIDE

O! I am glad the year has one sweet Spring
When the young tender herb shoots forth again,
And Nature doth a fair green mantle fling
O'er every waving tree and smiling plain,
When all the little birds do blithely sing
And flutter through their emerald domain,
When the warm suns pour a benignant beam
And gentle breezes scarcely stir the stream.

The little noisy tenants of the grove,
The feathered folk who roam the realms of air,
How they do chirp and chatter of their love,
And joy to see the world again so fair!
From twig to twig, from tree to tree they rove,
No thought the merry idlers have nor care,
Love's gentle tasks alone their hearts employ,
They spend the sunny hours in twittering joy.

The lithe, striped squirrel too appears again
From subterranean slumber, fresh and bright,
And frisks and gambols o'er the grassy plain,
Or darts to covert in a quick affright;
Not long below his fears the rogue detain;
He peeps, then twinkles quickly out of sight,
Then peeps with longer pause, then postures high,
Strictly attent, then runs forth merrily.

THE DELLS OF THE WISCONSIN

A week have I communed with Nature here,
And found repose and pleasure in each scene.
Dark waters rush with eddying current down
Between high rocks with faces gray with moss,
Or set with pines where'er a crevice yields
Support and sustenance. Some cliffs abrupt
Resist the lodgment of all larger growth,
And are by Nature's prudent, active hand
Covered with lichens soft and forms minute.
The summits of the rocky banks are crowned
With pines and hemlocks, or with oak and birch.
But here the oak is dwarfed, the pine is King.
It high o'ertops each other tree, and stands
Rounded and upright like a column carved,
While its broad roots explore the rocks around,
And by strange instinct grasp each vantage point
And make the tall shaft safe amid the storms.
Stretches of sandbank and low reefs of rock
By contrast give new beauty to the stream
And all is blent in one wild harmony.
At times a perfect silence rests on all;
The broadening stream with noiseless current flows,
Or seems to fall asleep and cease to move,
And every denizen of earth and air
Is silent as the fish beneath the flood.
And then again the varied voices wake,
Winds rustle in the leaves, and waters sing
In their low monotones so soft and sweet;
The insects hum and chirp, and happy birds
Twitter and sing in every bush and tree;
And as the traveler carols in his joy
The sportive echo half his song repeats;

Nay, even the very rock beneath his feet
With low, faint notes like an Æolian lyre
Breathes forth a fairy melody when touched.
I walk through gorges which the rushing flood
Has cut through the soft sandstone and I seem
As one admitted in her yielding mood
By Nature to her secret haunts. The stream
Has quaintly carved each cavern, arch and beam,
Hollowed the rocks and rounded the loose stone,
And scarce I need the aid of fancy's dream
To think that all by Fairy hands was done
And that at my approach the elves have fled.

HUMANITY

WASHINGTON

We hail thee, Washington! Thy day we greet;
Thy single glory were a nation's boast,
Thy vision, prescient as the eye of Fate,
Saw light beyond when all in gloom seem'd lost;
Thy single arm was mightier than a host;
Than thine no purer sword was ever drawn;
By thee no foreign bound was ever cross'd;
No righteous bonds by thee were rudely torn,
But those it had been shame had they been longer worn.

THE MAYFLOWER

When a tyrannic king and bigot priest
Drove over sea the humble Puritan,
Few saw how England's life-blood was decreased
Or that she languished like a wounded man.
Yet did those Pilgrims carry Fate's dread scroll
Wherein was written England's dark defeat;
A prescient ear might then have heard the roll
Of Yorktown's drums the exiles' triumph beat.
When will men learn that all their acts are seeds
Sown in the soil of Time and sure to grow,
When nations learn that all their evil deeds
Will yield retributory shame and woe?
The Mayflower's cargo was no common freight,
She bore aboard the pillars of a state.

THE BUILDERS

A strange, symbolic sympathy rules all
The atoms that make up earth's lifeless frame,
And in the living world there is the same
Strict ordering of actions great and small.
No man so foolish as to build a wall
With negligence of plummet line's strict claim,
Lest to his outward and immediate shame
His faulty structure topple to its fall.
Builders in stone have learned their lesson well,
And seek to make their work without a flaw,
Nor dare oppose the earth's resistless force;
But nations hear how earlier nations fell
Because they dared to trifle with God's law,
And yet are bold in the same fatal course.

FRANCES E. WILLARD

Oft have we seen her on her throne of power
While eager multitudes enchanted hung,
Oblivious of the swiftly passing hour,
Chained by the Orphean magic of her tongue.

That tongue was silent when we saw her last,
For in her shroud her worn-out body lay,
While hour by hour the long procession passed,
The last sad tribute of respect to pay.

The aged bent beneath the weight of years,
The young in all their beauty and their pride,
The rich and poor in common shed their tears,
For she, a sister to mankind, had died.

Yet Grief was not the only spirit there;
Faith, Hope and Love, the great immortal three,
Gave strength to hearts that bowed beneath their care,
And heaven seemed nearer than before to be.

Her name henceforth is sacred, and will shine
Bright in the list of those by love made great,
Type and example of that more divine
Humanity for which we long and wait.

HUMANITY

The wave a moment rears its crest,
Then sinks again into the sea,
Type of the wisest, bravest, best,
Beside the great Democracy;
You praise the wave, I praise the sea;
My hero is humanity.

Heroes have bled and sages taught
Whom half the world calls great or wise,
But all their merit is as naught
To that which unrecorded lies;
Fame hath a narrow, partial tongue,
The greatest deeds are still unsung.

The rose is but a breath of spring;
The pearl, a wave-wash of the sea,
The lesser from the greater thing,
One throb of its vast energy;
Heroes are like the flower or spray,
Humanity is more than they.

O poets! O seraphic choir,
Whence is the flame that fills your breast?
'Tis but a spark of the great fire
That glows alike in all the rest;
The heart of our humanity
Is the great fount of minstrelsy.

The holy and unselfish men
Whose lives to God's work have been given,
The prophet's tongue, the psalmist's pen,
All seers that have uncovered heaven,

Like stars they sparkle in the sky,
Atoms amid infinity.

Higher and higher swells the tide,
The waves of true Democracy;
King, priest, and noble sink beside
The greater human dignity;
Man greater is than his degree,
Not men but man — Humanity.

THE ASCENT OF MAN

We see the early morning ray,
But whether it come late or soon,
We wait in hope a richer noon,
The coming of a perfect day.

A day of universal love,
When sin and fear shall wholly cease,
And everywhere abide God's peace
In earth below as heaven above.

A day of universal sight,
When eye to eye the race will see,
And mind with other mind agree,
And every man dwell in the light.

As little children in a school
Repeat the multiplying table,
And know the various numbers stable,
And each accordant with the rule,

So, ranging through life's higher facts,
All men at length shall see the law,
And all submit with perfect awe,
And by it guide their words and acts,—

A day of universal power,
When each life will be true to type,
And every faculty grow ripe,
Nor die an undeveloped flower!

God is the source of all our good,
From Him our richest blessings are,
Yet foolishly we stand afar,
And in a sullen attitude.

The universe is not a shop
 In which dead wheels forever grind,
 A place of forces that are blind,
And care not if they move or stop ;

The universe is God's great school
 Where times of work and times of play
 Should make us better day by day
And teach us God in love doth rule.

Each fact looked fairly in the face
 Will make us praise Him more and more,
 Will give new reasons to adore,
And but reveal some hidden grace.

I shrink not at each dread disease,
 Though inch by inch the body rot,
 Though mind its function answer not,
And slow decay each organ seize.

I shrink not at cold, pallid Death,
 The narrow coffin and the worm,
 The swift destruction of the form
That follows when we part with breath.

I do but see a garnered sheaf,
 And some poor stubble left afield,
 The grain will richer harvest yield
From age to age till it be chief.

Nature no smallest atom wastes,
 But ever changes low to higher,
 And in a still ascending spire
All life moves on, nor rests nor hastes,

Each cycle rises o'er the last,
 Man's spirit grows from more to more;
 It gives us strength to look before
Who judge the future from the past.

Primeval man had hideous shape;
 But narrow skull where lusts did reign
 Widens with conscience and a brain,
And man emerges from the ape.

Another step as long as this
 And man will reach angelic height,
 His form with every beauty bright,
His heart instinct with every bliss.

THE FUTURE OF THE NEGRO

God made the earth for mankind, and all men alike are his children.

In all he has planted alike the germs of an infinite future.

What the greatest has done in his strength will soon be the task of the feeble;

Where the vanguard is now in the race soon will follow the steps of the laggard;

What the Greek and the Roman have done, what has burned in the heart of the Hebrew,

What the heir of the ages, the Saxon, the ruler of nations and nature,

Has wrought with his energy tireless, has become by his strong aspiration —

All this in due time shall come forth from the latent strength of the Negro.

The dusky race whose short annals are a record of weakness and sorrow,

A tale of the wrong that the helpless sustain at the hands of the mighty —

This race that has been blind and dumb and bound in the chain of oppression,

This race that has walked in the darkness with not a star o'er its midnight,

Shall yet see the splendor of noonday, the height of heroic achievement.

Her Miltons shall sing, and her Shakespeares shall strike every chord of emotion;

Her Newtons and Humboldts shall trace the stars in their infinite courses.

Within the African skull shall revolve the vast thoughts of the greatest;

Beethoven's deep note shall be matched, and Raphael's
pencil of beauty;
The wisdom of Burke and of Webster shall shine in
the halls of her Senate;
The fire of Chatham and Henry shall glow on the lips
of her tribunes;
The wealth of a Howard's devotion, already long since
a possession,
Shall work for the good of mankind till our lessening
sorrows shall vanish.
When the slow rolling ages have brought this germi-
nant race to fruition,
When to-day, that to us looms so large, shall seem but
a speck in the distance,
When time has illumined the past and placed all events
in perspective,
In that distant day when the mists have rolled from the
mount of his vision,
Not only the message of freedom, and those who fought
to enforce it,
Not only the friends of the slave who led him out of
his Egypt,
Will the Negro remember with joy as those who lifted
him upward;
But even the house of his bondage, stern school of
many high lessons,
Each pang that quickened his thought, each wrong
that nerved his endurance,
Each task that drew out his skill, each change that
enlarged his horizon,
All these at last will be seen as forces impelling him
Godward.

THE HOSPITABLE NEGRO

Near the Atlanta railway years ago
In hut of logs, beneath roof thatch'd and low,
There dwelt an aged Negro whose black face
Forever shone with quaint and homely grace.
Labor and daily temperance gave him health,
And birds, blue skies, and sunshine were his wealth.

Beside his cot a clear spring from the ground
Gushed forth, and onward flowed with pleasant sound;
And the old, happy Negro day by day
Rejoiced to watch the living streamlet play.
There seemed a magic in the water pure,
All thirst to quench and all disease to cure;
He thought no other could with it compare,
And longed the cool, delightful draughts to share.

Old people who recall the early trains
Remember well the weary traveler's pains,
The hard and narrow seats, the windows small,
The stifling heat, the dust that cover'd all,
And what perhaps of all the ills was worst,
The lack of water and the raging thirst.

A train of this sort passing day by day
Beside the Negro's cabin made a stay,
And every day with an equipment neat
Of pail and glasses he passed down the street,
Boarded the train, and brought the sparkling draught
Which thirsty travelers delighted quaffed.
When offered money his reply would be,
"No, thank you, boss, this glass of water's free,"

He gave again what had been freely given,
And in his measure imitated Heaven,
And those who drank from his refreshing bowl
Were strengthened both in body and in soul.

III—13

¹¹²

LET US HAVE PEACE

Let us have peace. The world sighs o'er the slain,
Lands wasted, orphan'd children, widow'd wives,
And shudders at the long and ghastly train
Of wounded men, with war-wreck'd, crippled lives.

Poor fellows, all their strength and beauty gone;
Men maim'd, deform'd, with sallow skin, shrunk
frame,
Mere shadows of their former selves, live on,
And turn war's lurid glory into shame.

Why all this age-long, world-wide anguish, why?
The fiends that work man woe are Greed and Pride:
For these the armies of the nations die,
For these how oft have Truth and Conscience died!

Let us have peace. Brutes tear with tooth and claw;
But man has reason and a moral sense;
He owns an inward and an outward law,
And war to both of them gives deep offense.

Man cannot rise to manhood's true estate
Till war, the soul-destroying scourge, shall cease;
Till all the energies now swayed by hate
Are ruled by love and serve the Prince of Peace.

WAR

I saw in vision once to Reason's bar
That men brought one of high and swelling port;
He came in pluméd pomp and with the star
Of glory on his breast; a glittering court
Of beauty and of circumstance he brought;
These scattered flowers in his forward way;
There was no mark of homage but they sought
Of hand or head or lip or knee to pay,
Was never train so proud or conqueror so gay.

His streaming banners filled the darkened air,
The incense of his flattery rose high,
Loud pealed the trump, far flashed the dazzling
glare,
Boomed deep the cannon through the echoing sky;
So loud the revelry none heard a sigh,
So gay the decking of the nearer train
That, till this retinue was all passed by,
No man could see the crippled form of Pain
Or view gaunt Famine's sores or Captive's galling
chain.

The charge was treason to the common good;
And Youth with ready zeal was first to speak;
(Lusty and large he looked and full of blood,
His eye beamed bright and ruddy was his cheek)
"The charge, I hold to be a foolish freak;
War is our truest patriot," he said;
"Though at his grizzled front the timid shriek,
Their terror is of their own fancy bred,
For honest is his heart e'en though his hand be red."

The words of Manhood were in graver strain:
"War is a dire necessity," said he;
"By it alone we can our rights maintain,
By it alone can freemen still be free;
But this, the largest limit of my plea,
He is a guardian of insatiate greed,
He drains our blood from every artery,
On all our fairest fortunes doth he feed,
He bends our backs with toil, and makes our hearts
to bleed."

Here Woman broke in with a piteous wail,
"My sons, my sons;" and more she could not say,
But at her very thoughts in terror pale,
She lifted up her hands to heaven to pray:
"Father of mercies, speed, O speed, the day
When all this horrid clang of War shall cease,
When men the dreadful sword aside shall lay,
When the poor prisoner shall have sweet release
And over all the earth shall fall the dew of Peace."

The tiny Orphan wept he knew not why,
And hot Youth in confusion dropped a tear,
And Manhood held his breath and heaved a sigh:
"Ay, would to God deliverance were near!
How many a youth is hurried year by year
Out of this fair good life ere yet he knows
The father's joy a family to rear;
Before life's bud of promise fully grows,
While high it swells with hope, its bursting flower
must close."

Old Age with voice all tremulous now spake;
"War is an evil branch of evil root;

'Tis all in vain the lofty bough to shake
And crush the clusters of its deadly fruit,
For each Spring time will cause them new to shoot;
The spreading root of Sin we must assail,
Nor e'er relax the vigorous pursuit
Till all its evil source of strength shall fail,
Injustice live no more and Right at length prevail."

THE BLURR'D BOOK

December 31, 1900

The nineteenth century ends to-day.
What see we as we turn to look
Upon the pages of the book
That Time has filled and bears away?

The pages are confused and blurr'd;
The balance sheet shows gain and loss,
Yet howsoe'er the lines may cross,
Science stands forth the clearest word.

The century has quicken'd speed;
The message flies on wings of light,
The ship outstrips the sea-bird's flight,
The engine leaves behind the steed.

Machinery with iron hands
Toils to supply all human wants;
It mines, it weaves, it reaps, it plants,
And scatters plenty through all lands.

Plenty, alas, arouses Greed:
While Dives scarce can count his gold,
Still Lazarus famished sits and cold
Near bursting granaries, in need.

Greek seizes lands across the sea;
When plundered China turns to bay,
The misnamed Christians rob and slay,
And rival heathen infamy.

The century's sun sinks red with blood,
Yet we had dream'd that war would cease,

All nations serve the Prince of Peace,
All evil be o'ercome by good.

When the next hundred years roll round,
May Time inscribe a greater word,
With Wealth and Science, Love be third,
And Christ, rejected now, be crowned.

THE MONEY KING *

OR

THE KNIGHT WITH THE SWORD OF GOLD

The pompous funeral was o'er,
The eulogies were said,
And word was sent o'er all the earth,
The Money King is dead.

He was head of twenty syndicates,
He had rail and steamship lines,
He had timber lands and cotton fields,
He had gold and silver mines.

A modern Midas, at his touch
All things had turned to gold,
But he was not "well off" after all,
For his heart was bare and cold.

A museum of curios
(He gave it hasty looks)
A slighted gallery of art,
A lot of unread books,

A city house with brown stone front,
A palace by the sea,
A racing stud of thoroughbreds,
A pack of hounds had he;

* In the above poem two rich men are delineated; the selfish man as the Money King, and in contrast the benevolent man as The Knight with the Sword of Gold. There are, I think, in this country and in Europe many examples of each kind, but the portraits in the poem are mere types and have no personal reference.

He lacked no outward sign of wealth,
But lived luxuriously.

Poor wretch, he had no higher wealth,
He had not greatly cared,
As he went trampling on through life,
How other men had fared.

They were his jackals; one and all
Must work and watch and bear,
But still of everything they got
He took the lion's share.

That he did not fair wages pay,
Was the backbone of his sin;
He did not heed the cries of need
While the gold came tinkling in.

He cared not for those in the underworld
Who are underpaid and fed,
Whose life is one ceaseless round of toil
For the barest daily bread.

He only cared for the upperworld
Whose life is a bustling game,
Whose counters are money and bonds and stocks,
And the prize a shining name.

A little sooner than he thought
Had come Death's hated call,
And the multi-millionaire was forced
To die and leave them all.

O men of mighty energy,
O men of godlike brain,

Why will you waste your splendid powers
Such paltry prize to gain?

Would you be really great, there is
An open, easy plan:
Use your superior strength to raise
Your weaker brother man.

There should not be in this broad land,
Nor yet in all the earth,
A human being in bitter need,
For God has made no dearth.

There should not be a homeless man,
A woman poorly clad,
An unschooled or a toiling child,
E'en in life's morning sad.

Greed, greed, greed, greed,
Is killing the Christ to-day,
And to brutish Mammon men give their souls
While to God with lips they pray.

The Christ has said "It is more blest
To give than to receive:"
Why do you not that faithful word
Implicitly believe?

Employ your wisdom for the good
Of those who are not wise,
Open the path and point the way
By which they are to rise.

Conquer the enemies of man,
Strike down each human ill,

Bring in a truly golden age,
An era of good-will.

God girds for noble enterprise
Alike all noble men ;
To some he gives the warrior's sword,
To some the poet's pen.

And in these days he calls aloud
For heroes of new mold,
To be the champions of men
With weapons made of gold.

Hail to the quickly coming day
When wealth shall bless not curse,
And chivalry's new order be
The Knighthood of the purse !

Ye men of strength, put on once more
The snow-white coat of mail,
And ere ye go to battle forth
Drink from the holy grail.

And queenly women richly robed
And decked with gold and gem,
Covet the robe of righteousness,
Wear mercy's diadem.

Grow in the untilled wastes around
The flowers of sympathy,
That Christ, the lily-loving Lord,
Those fairer blooms may see.

CROMWELL AT NASEBY

A PURITAN BALLAD

King Charles is a false tyrant ;
He dares to trample on
The ancient Charter of our rights
Our stout forefathers won ;
Time-honored laws he holds in scorn,
And his own honor cheap ;
We sought redress — his kingly word
He gave, but will not keep.

Those who have spoken for us
Are made to feel his power ;
Eliot, our freedom's martyr,
Is dead within the Tower ;
He takes away our Sabbath,
And in the church of God
He sets the Romish idol,
The thing of lust and blood ;
He is gathering his army
To make each man a slave ;
Now who will fight for truth and right
And trust that God will save ?

The King beside fair Nottingham
His standard has unfurled,
Brave Hotham from the gates of Hull
Has back defiance hurled,
The thunder-cloud of civil war
Has on the nation burst.
Who, while the tempest gathers strength,
Will dare its rage the first ?

There was a sturdy yeoman
Who heard the people's cry,
He left his plough and cattle
And girt his sworn on thigh;
He left his wife and children,—
He loved them tenderly,—
But the voice of God within him
Bade him help the land to free.
He gathered men about him,
Men of his own stout kind,
God-fearing men who loved the right,
And bore a willing mind.

Beneath the false King's standard
The proud patricians rode,
And through the land their course is marked
With ruin and with blood;
They ride like a fierce whirlwind,
Naught can their force withstand;
The North is conquered for the King—
Will he subdue the land?
On Cromwell and his godly ranks
The nation's hope is set;
If these can stand Prince Rupert's charge,
Freedom may triumph yet.
The armies draw together,
The men that will not yield,
And all King Charles's chivalry,
To meet on Naseby's field.
The tyrant's haughty legions,
Like ocean's swollen tides,
The fiery Rupert at their head,
Dashed on "the Ironsides";

The tyrant's haughty legions
Charged like the billow's shock,
But, like the billow, shattered fell,
That dashes on the rock.
But, as the greedy sea withdraws
The billow when 'tis spent
Only to send a fiercer surge,
So these now backward went;
They gather all their strength again —
These ranks not wont to know
Defeat or check — and once again
They dash upon the foe.

Not idly stood "the Ironsides,"
They knew it was their hour,
They felt the warrior's stern joy,
And scorned the hostile power,
Each sword was drawn, each spur struck deep,
Each gave his horse the rein;
Swiftly the russet-coated ranks
Ride o'er the trembling plain.
By heaven, it was a sight superb
To see that mighty mass
Move in resistless majesty
Over the lessening space.
Of what avail the foemen's strength
Before this mighty shock?
They fall as falls the bearded grain
Beneath the reaper's stroke;
Rank after rank "the Ironsides"
Mow down resistlessly,
Till all the rest in panic fear
Their faces turn and flee;

The victors drive them o'er the plain,
As idle chaff is driven
Forth from the open threshing floor
Before the wind of heaven.

It was no feeble arm of flesh
That urged the conquering sword;
The God of Battles led his own,—
Who can resist the Lord?
God grant that every land oppressed
Beneath a tyrant's rod,
May find a Cromwell at its need,
A warrior of God.

CROMWELL, THE QUAKER, AND THE JEW

Rabbi Ben Levi, now an aged man,
Had wandered over many a land in youth,
Teaching the scattered Israelites the law;
No zeal of theirs for gold outran his zeal
To minister unto their souls the Word
Of life eternal. Thrice one hundred years
Had passed away since envious Christian rage
Had driven the Israelites from English soil,
And still no Jew had ventured to return
To brave the perils of the law and mob.
But now that Cromwell's just and vigorous hand
Swayed England's sceptre, merchants ten or twelve
Of Jewish faith had thither gone to trade.
They sought a pastor for their little flock,
But found one not until Ben Levi showed
Age had not cooled the zealous fires of youth.
He said no word of harsh rebuke of those
Who shunned the field of danger, but he went
Himself from sunny Spain, his native land,
To exile under the stern Northern sky.
He took with him the ever-present joy
Of a good conscience toward God and man,
And day by day he did what deed he could
To bless Gentile or Jew; for he had learned
The broader lessons from the book of God,
And loved the stranger as he loved his own.

One Jewish Sabbath day, when he had read
The Law unto his little flock of twelve,
And added words of wise encouragement
To faith in God such as the fathers had,
Abraham and Moses and the prophets old,

And said again his oft-repeated words,
 "Blest is the man that thinketh on the poor,
 The Lord will be his helper in the day
 Of his adversity," and had pronounced
 The ancient, triple benediction sweet —
 He took his homeward way amid the throng
 That filled on Saturday the London streets.
 Full of his holy thoughts, he did not mark
 The angry glances of the passers-by,
 Nor heed the gathering crowd that followed him,
 Until a ruffian seized him by the hair,
 And shouted, "Men, this fellow is a Jew,
 And robs us of our money by his greed;
 Let's kill the Judas for the love of God."
 And then he struck him with his brutal fist,
 Until the blood streamed down his aged cheek;
 And all the savage mob howled with delight,
 And took up stones to stone him till he died.
 And none dared to interpose with voice or hand,
 To shield him from the peril to his life,
 Except one feeble man who said, "Nay, friends,
 He is a stranger, let us do no wrong!"
 And then he took the old man by the arm,
 And said, "Come, friend, thee needs a hand to
 help
 Thee to thy home; where dwellest thou, I pray?
 I will go with thee and will bind thy wound."

But his last words were drowned by angry cries,
 "What will the meddling Quaker do, he is
 As bad as is a Jew; we'll kill them both;
 They both alike refuse to go to Church,
 And be baptized as Christians ought to be."
 And a stone felled him senseless to the ground.

And there they both had died, but by some chance,
Or rather by the care of Providence,
Cromwell came by, attended by his guards,
“What means the tumult?” said he to his men,
“Disperse the mob; see that no man is hurt;
And let those that have broken law be held.”
And so the ruffians fled away in haste,
Except those that the guard compelled to stay,
And left the prostrate Quaker and the Jew.
Again the Lord Protector’s voice was heard:
“See that these men have every needful care,
And let me know to-morrow how they do.
Bear them unto their houses in my coach;
Come hither, Thomas; I will ride thy horse.”
Then lightly leaping, like a younger man,
Into the saddle, Cromwell held his way,
To attend the urgent business of the State.

The tender hands of wife and daughter soon
Restored Ben Levi; and not less their care
For him who had borne peril for the sake
Of him they loved. A soothing draught and
sleep

Gave both again, when morning dawned, to health.
And with the morning Cromwell said, “Go see
How those men are, and if it be that they
Can come, let them attend me here at noon.
Bring also those who have assaulted them.”
The men were brought, and Cromwell bade the
Jew

Tell who he was, and why he came where law
Permitted not his countrymen to dwell,
And the whole story of the injury.
Simply the Jew recounted all his tale,

Without one word of harshness 'gainst the men
 Who had ill-treated him, but with a glow
 Of gratitude to him who interposed
 And suffered for his sake. "Thy deed was
 brave,"

The soldier chief said to the man of peace,
 "Such men as thou, whose creed is to do good,
 Although in trifles you offend the law,
 Its substance keep, and shall have its defense."
 Then turning to the aged Jew, he said:
 "Point out the man that struck thee; he shall have
 For his offense scourge and imprisonment
 That thus could wound a harmless, aged man."
 "Nay, good my lord," replied the Jew, "let me
 Entreat for him; perchance he hath been taught
 That so to treat a Jew is to please God;
 Finding me merciful, perhaps he will
 Learn larger charity to me and mine.
 If that my lord be pleased to favor me,
 And if the broken law demands a due,
 Exact a fine, which I will pay for him."

Cromwell a moment mused in thought, then said:
 "Thy plea is not in vain, he shall go free;
 Although a Jew thou hast a Christian heart;
 To me thou seemest grievously to err
 In that thou not acknowledgest God's son,
 But God can vindicate His honor best,
 And He hath borne thy doctrine many years;
 He only knows who pleases Him the most.
 Thy goods and life are forfeit by a law
 To which three hundred years have given
 strength;
 But, while o'er a few men a little space

I have a ruler's power to dispense
A pardon to the breaker of the law,
No man shall suffer for his conscience's sake,
Or the opinion he may hold of God.
Then worship as thou wilt, and when thou pray'st
Pray for me too: the prayers are heard in heaven
Of those that have their fellow-men forgiven."
"Daily," the Jew replied, "my prayer shall rise
To heaven for thee, nor my weak prayer alone;
The blessing of a persecuted race
Attend thy steps on earth, and plead for thee,
When thou hast need, before the throne of God.
Nor there alone, where all men meet their due,
Shalt thou have praise; here 'mid thy fellowmen,
The deathless annals of the Jew shall guard
The fame of him who first of rulers knew
The proper limits of an earthly sway,
Nor dared to invade the larger realm of Heaven."

MILTON

The face of Milton is a face of pain,
As though the mind the tortured body thralls;
Scarce can the shell its awful weight sustain,
So beats the potent spirit 'gainst its walls;
Such thoughts revolve in that tumultuous brain,
Such visions pass before those "sightless balls,"
Such Sibyl and prophetic voices blend,
So Lord of Good and Prince of Ill contend.

He is an organ 'mid the tuneful choir,
So deep his note, so solemn his high swell;
No puny pipe or light-stringed quivering lyre
Could body forth his tale of heaven and hell:
The Spirit whom he invoked to inspire,
Breathed such a strain as through no muse's shell
Was ever poured into our human ears;
Alone he caught the singing of the spheres.

THE MARTYRDOM OF HUSS *

The long, dark night of ignorance had worn away
at last;
The thousand years in which men slept at length
were overpast;
The "morning star" had risen and shed its bright
and beauteous ray,
And bade the slumbering nations hail the dawning
of the day.
The words of truth that Wycliffe spoke had not been
said in vain;
The "morning star" indeed was set — in Huss it
rose again.

Like John the Baptist in the wilds he called men to
repent;
Like John, against a priesthood false hot words of
scorn he sent;
"Christ said to men, 'My Kingdom's gate stands
open to the poor.'
The Church cries loudly, 'Bring your gold, if you
would heaven secure;'
Christ, the good Shepherd, gave his life to save his
helpless sheep;

* John Huss was summoned in 1414 to the general council of the Roman Catholic Church at Constance to answer charges of heresy. He went thither, having previously taken the precaution to obtain a letter from the emperor Sigismund guaranteeing him a safe return. In spite of this he was apprehended, and after a trial of manifest unfairness was found guilty and required to recant. Refusing to do so unless proved to be in error, he was condemned to the flames, the emperor reluctantly giving his consent. The sentence was carried out the same day.

Our greedy pastors shear the flock — the fold they
do not keep;
But day by day the hungry wolves leap in, rend,
and devour;
The hirelings flee nor raise a hand to save us from
their power.

“ Christ taught the eager multitudes in plain and
simple speech,
And sent his twelve apostles forth the tribes of men
to teach;
With blessed words of saving truth the hearts of
men were fed;
The Church now gives us chaff and husks and not
the living bread.
The Lamb of God was offered once to bear all sin
away,
There needs no other sacrifice when men to God
would pray;
Before the throne our great High Priest still lives
to intercede,—
Of intercession by the saints the sinner hath no
need.

“ Christ to the trembling sinner spoke in voice of
tender love,
The Church doth in an angry mood with thunder
tones reprove;
With sign of ‘ candle, bell, and book,’ she maledic-
tions saith;
The light is quenched, the Bible shut, and tolled the
knell of death.
The Church that was the church of Christ is now
the church of men;

Take from us all these Romish rites, and give us
Christ again.

“ Christ’s Kingdom was not of the world, he had no
lands or gold ;

His vicar is a lordly prince whose riches are untold.
Christ had not where to lay his head, a meek and
lowly man ;

His vicar in a palace lives amid a courtly train.
From place to place on weary feet the Lord was
wont to fare ;

His vicar on the necks of men is carried in a chair.
And as in luxury and pride the Pope doth live in
Rome,

In wealth and pomp and haughtiness, our bishops
live at home ;

Corruption from the head to foot doth the whole
body taint,

As saith the prophet, ‘ Head is sick, and the whole
heart is faint.’ ”

The angry prelates in alarm appeal made to the
Pope ;

“ With this wide-spreading heresy our forces cannot
cope ;

Through all the wide Bohemian land Huss rules the
multitudes ;

The Church’s power will soon be gone, unless he be
subdued.”

Then called the Pope a council great to stay the
fatal plague ;

“ At Constance we will heal the breach that hath
been made at Prague.”

To Constance by his summons came the emperor
Sigismund,

And princes, dukes, and noblemen from all the nations round.

The Pope and thirty cardinals in pomp there too appear ;

Seven hundred prelates swell the throng, four thousand priests are there.

Then sent the Pope to call John Huss his doctrine to defend,

And Sigismund by royal writ called on him to attend :

“ I give you my imperial word that you shall safely come,

And that when you have made defense you safely shall go home ;

From enemies who seek your life in their fanatic zeal
I shield you by my manual sign by my royal seal.”

Huss left his faithful flock in tears the summons to obey,

And everywhere the lips of men did bless him on the way ;

And all that saw his saintly face that shone with holy light,

Did pray that God would give again so sweet and pure a sight.

And now before that great array the fearless preacher stands ;

“ Recant, recant your heresy,” the council him commands ;

“ I owe allegiance unto God,” the preacher answers meek,

“ And in His holy Word of truth my doctrine I must seek ;

If aught that I have said or writ cannot be found
therein,

I do renounce it, and confess my error and my sin."

"Wilt thou submit thee to the Church 'gainst which
thou dost rebel,

Submit thy erring will to her who is infallible?"

So spake the judge. The preacher said, "I cannot
change or yield;

I only bow my mind to truth God has himself re-
vealed.

If you will not discuss with me, I crave the emperor's
grace

That he will let me now return unto my native
place."

"We keep no faith with heretics," the council made
reply;

"Abjure thy fatal heresy, or thou shalt surely die."

And then without a little space in which to bid fare-
well

To friends and home, with cruel haste they rang his
funeral knell.

'Mid concourse vast, the self-same day they bound
him to the stake;

Once more with threats and promises they sought his
faith to shake;

But God stood with his martyr there, and with a
smile of peace,

He thrust aside the gilded lures, and bade the tempt-
ers cease.

And so the leaping flames made red the summer's
evening sky;

And so the blessed soul of Huss went up to God on
high.

But when Bohemia heard the tale, the tale of sin
and shame,

She blessed the martyr's memory and cursed the emperor's name:

"False Sigismund shall rule no more the land that Huss has trod;

We draw the sword for liberty, and make appeal to God."

Soldiers of God and conscience,—who can their arms withstand?

As God was once with Joshua and Gideon's fearless band,

So now he raised a warrior up to guide his chosen few,

And showed what human feebleness made strong by God can do;

To blind old Ziska's sightless eyes He gave so clear a light

That never general disposed more wisely men for fight.

Against his little company proud armies dashed in vain;

He drove them from the mountain height, he chased them o'er the plain.

Twelve armies sent false Sigismund; twelve armies by the Lord

Whose angel slew Sennacherib's host were given to the sword.

Then bowed proud Sigismund his head and yielded up his crown;

"God for my sin from my estate doth justly put me down.

I have not known a day of peace since my pledged word was changed

To please the cruel priests of Rome; John Huss, thou art avenged."

THE QUEEN IS DEAD

Her work accomplish'd, dead the good Queen lies,
Flower of a time that foster'd but the few;
Now, Britain, care for all, teach all to rise,
Show what great deeds a Commonwealth may do.

Recall the greatest glories of thy past,
Rouse Cromwell and wake Milton from their sleep;
Avoid their errors, hold their virtues fast,
And of their sowing now the harvest reap.

MY MOTHER'S NAME

I do not like the high-flown names
With which romancers deck their dames,
A simple name to me is dear
And I will try to praise it here.
I love the plain, old-fashioned "Ann."
'Twas hers from whom my life began,
It has no cadence but 'tis sweet
To me its one note to repeat.

Ann, Ann, Ann, Ann!
How well this aged, world-worn man
Recalls the day when as a child
My mother, Ann, upon me smiled.
I was her youngest and scarce born
When husband from her side was torn;
She had but reached life's middle day
But grief had turned her hair to gray,
And, O, her soft and saintly grace
I've seen upon no other face.

I sat in rapture at her feet
As she would teach me to repeat
Some Bible verse or childish prayer
And smile and fondly stroke my hair.
O mother, look upon me now,
In love and gratitude I bow.

IN MEMORIAM

Ann Pearson. Born, Nov. 16, 1815; Died, April 14,
1883.

Traveler, there rests beneath this modest stone
A tender, patient, true, and loving heart;
She passed through life unnoticed and unknown,
And yet she well performed a humble part.

To bless the hallowed circle of her home
Her toil and care unceasingly were given,
And if beyond her thoughts would ever roam
'Twas but to pray that earth might be as heaven.

'Twas but to do the neighbor's kindly deed,
To greet the stranger, cheer the couch of pain,
To clothe the naked and the hungry feed,
And then return unto her own again.

Her maiden years clung to the parent stem,
Her womanhood a husband's strength did join;
Few years two lives formed but a single frame
Then fell the oak that had upheld the vine.

A widow in life's noontide, she became
Father and mother to her little flock;
Ruler, provider, priest, each sacred name
That manhood bears upon herself she took.

Morning and evening from the Holy Book
She read the ancient words of faith and hope,
Then, like their authors, turned to heaven her look
And sent to heaven prayer's sacred incense up.

Hour after hour her busy needle flew
While from her lips flowed sweet some household
tale,
The children's listening circle nearer drew
And silent hush would more and more prevail.

Still are the busy hands that gladly toiled,
Silent the gentle lips that wisdom spake,
Cold in the ground the tender face that smiled,
Lost the fond love no waywardness could shake.

In deep seclusion all her graces grew
Marked only by His eye who sees all fruit;
What good has in her children come to view
In her example had its living root.

When weight of years lay heavy on her frame,
When heart was weary of the earthly strife,
Death with his gentlest touch and whisper came
To call her to a larger, better life.

As when a mellow autumn day is done
And calmness spreads o'er all the earth at even,
As peacefully as sinks the setting sun
She left the earth to rise again in heaven.

AN UNPROFITABLE SERVANT

I cannot say that I have fought
A good and faithful fight ;
I cannot say that I have wrought
For truth with main and might ;
My shrinking soul has often sought
Safety in timid flight.

I dare not show my dintless mail
Or my ignoble scars
Beside the print of spear and nail
Thy broken body bears ;
They tell too plain and sad a tale
Of thankless doubts and fears.

Soon shall thy loyal ranks march home
With glorious song and shout ;
The heavens shall cry, " The Lord is come,"
His foes are put to rout,
Come in with Him, ye warriors, come,
Ye shall no more go out."

A worthless soldier I have been,
And cannot *claim* a place ;
Yet let, O Lord, thy servant in
Of thy exceeding grace ;
Thou knowest I have hated sin,
And I have loved thy face.

THE SURRENDER

O Lord, I groaned, Is not this sin so small
That I may still
Continue it, yet faithfully in all
Things else perform thy will?

If I renounce it there will come to me
Unending strife,
The future days will sad and bitter be,
And lonely all my life.

Those I have longest known and who are nearest
Will be estranged,
Ties which have bound in friendship, sweetest,
dearest,
Will by one act be changed.

Acquaintances and lookers-on will speak
In scorn and say,
We always thought his character was weak;
He showed it so to-day.

Why should I thus expose myself and be
Misunderstood?
If I hide my dim light what injury,
If I it show what good?

I should but suffer unavailingly
And as before
The world would wag, except that unto me
Some joys would be no more.

With my weak strength why should I vainly push
Against the crowd?

It will but trample me in its mad rush,
Nor hear me call aloud.

So spoke I to my soul, and thus for years
I lived a lie,
While ebbing from me through these craven fears
I felt my spirit die.

The voice of God spake to me, "I am more
Than all beside,
Behold, I stand and knock at thy heart's door,
But am repelled by pride."

"If thou indeed dost truly wish that I
Should enter in
Thou know'st that it is all in vain to try
To keep e'en one small sin.

"I will not dwell in a divided heart
But must have all;
Defiled and closed to me is every part
By sin however small.

And call it not small sin to hide a ray
Of light divine,
'Tis needed to make up the perfect day,
Then see thou let it shine."

And so I here send forth my little beam
Caught from the sun,
Believing that the duty is supreme
To do as I have done —

To tell the whole truth as it seems to me,
And disregard

Kin, numbers, powers, or whatso'er it be
That makes the duty hard.

Without, perchance, it may bring loss and strife
Not soon to cease;
But O, within it giveth larger life
And bringeth perfect Peace.

THE HERETIC

Apologia pro vita mea

A heretic — poor man — is one
Who would but cannot prophet be ;
He upward soars to reach the sun,
But, weak-winged, falls into the sea ;
But yet 'tis much to seek the sky
And show where stronger wings may fly.

I spoke against an outworn creed
And dared denounce the slothful priest ;
Men marveled at my daring deed
And blazoned it from west to east ;
Some welcomed it with loud acclaim
And gave to me a hero's name.

And some called me blaspheming knave,
And thrust me from their company ;
Some said the fellow does but rave
In madness or senility ;
Some in perplexity were dumb,
And wondered what was next to come.

Some said the message was too stern,
And that it was unkindly given ;
The sun of truth should warm, not burn,
And light, not lightning, fall from heaven :
I meant all well, and, if I erred,
I pardon ask for each wrong word.

God sends his terrifying storms,
He stirs the sea, he makes earth quake,

He has a myriad awful forms

Man from his sluggishness to wake ;
If perfect peace would make men wise,
We should have had it in the skies.

If God makes mighty winds to blow,

Must man always in whispers speak?
When men neglect the truth they know,
When they refuse new truth to seek,
When patience has in vain implored,
For such a time has wrath been stored.

Patience, too long provoked, will speak

In indignation's sterner tone ;
Moses, the man surnamed the meek,
At false gods made his anger known ;
Jesus, to all men else though kind,
Called vipers those whom greed made blind.

Strife and estrangement give great pain,

They tear the fibers of the heart ;
Yet not for these dare I refrain
From doing what seems duty's part.
Nothing shall move me, said Saint Paul ;
His rule should be the rule of all.

The sordid wretch who by himself

Still measures every other man,
Declares I did it all for pelf,
And followed but a cunning plan :
I only ask for daily bread,
And humbly trust I shall be fed.

Thrice in my life have I resigned

My livelihood for conscience sake,

And hitherto God has been kind
And given me richer blessings back:
And now in age, as twice in youth,
I trust Him as a God of truth.

Amid the storm it gave me joy
That all of those who know me best,
Who've watched my life since when a boy
I gave up sin and sought God's rest,—
Turned to all slanders a deaf ear
And thought me, at the least, sincere.

And most of all I joyed that those
Whom I had led to learning's founts,
And showed how English genius rose
And soared above Aonian mounts,—
That all of these, unshaken still,
Looked on me with the old good-will.

And street acquaintance kindlier smiled,
Or stopped to speak a word of cheer,
And often was my pain beguiled
By letters from both far and near,
In which men spoke of service done,
And bade me in God's name go on.

Christ dared to part the family
When conscience claimed such sacrifice,
But sweet it is when all agree
And all together higher rise;
My children have approved my deed,
And trusting follow where I lead.

'And some dear souls who disapprove
Have yet forborne on me to rail,

They utter only words of love
And pray with faith that does not fail:
Lord, bless these followers of thine,
And let thy light upon them shine.

For love is ever more than light,
However good the light may be;
Yet perfect souls will both unite
And love the more, the more they see:
Christ was the life, the truth, the way,
Make all like him, O Lord, we pray.

I have a blessed peace with him
Because I have conscience clear;
I have no secret sense of sin
And, therefore, have no idle fear;
I spoke the truth, I spoke in love,
Obeyed not men but God above.

So, scoffers, I am armed in mail
Your sharpened arrows cannot pierce;
Naught can against the right prevail,
Vain all assaults however fierce;
I hide my weakness in God's might,
His shield is o'er me in the fight.

When I was but a boy of ten
John Wycliffe o'er my soul gained power,
I thought him a true king of men,
I think so at the present hour;
He saw the truth, and, though alone,
He dared to speak it in clear tone.

And thus he roused the deadly hate
Of all time-serving, selfish men;

They dragged him from his high estate,
They slandered him with tongue and pen,
They burned his books, they burned his bones,
And cursed his name in thunder tones.

When church and state thus cast him out
With maledictions on his name,
The faithless thought without a doubt
That his was everlasting shame;
But now that centuries have passed,
He, last, is first; they, first, are last.

From his, I filled my torch with light,
And held it with my strength on high,
It brightly flamed upon the sight;
I trust its beam will never die
Until the breaking of the day
When all night's shadows flee away.

FAREWELL

Farewell, Lake Michigan! a long farewell!

I part from thee with sadness; thou hast been
Full often to my soul a kindly spell,

And brought me back from gloom to thought serene;
I love to hear thy many billows swell,

And watch thy changing shadows and thy sheen;
Wide, glorious water, to thy oft-trod shore
My thought will fly, regretful, evermore.

Farewell, ye oaks! your many clustered arms

Have been to me a shadow from the heat,
And I have walked amid your mighty forms

As 'mid the pillars of a monk's retreat;
No more I see you, rent by winter storms,

Or clad in summer loveliness complete:
Ye forms of strength and beauty, fare ye well —
Kind skies each Spring your buds of promise swell!

Farewell, companions dearer far than these!

None severs long connection without pain,
And I depart from pleasant memories,

And rudely break association's train;
Parted by barriers broader than the seas,

How oft my heart shall turn to you again;
Each bitterness shall mellow to regret,
And each accord shall glow more kindly yet.

Farewell, ye halls, which I have watched, as one

By one they placed you here amid the trees;
You scarcely seem to me mere brick and stone,
So filled you are with tender memories;

Around your walls and spires my life has grown;
Habit endears whate'er one often sees,
But most where beauty adds its magic spell;
And beauty's charm is yours, so fare you well!

Farewell, my lecture room where day by day
I talked with eager youth upon great themes,
And tried to lead them up the shining way
Of love and truth of which the poet dreams;
Ah me! what sacred, strenuous hours were they
Which now are closed forever, as it seems;
And yet their power continues o'er the mind,
Seed sown in *that* a harvest sure will find.

CHESS

I like for half an hour at eve
The weight of business to relieve
By cheerful song or conversation
Or fitting harmless recreation:
At such a time how oft I bless
The ancient noble game of chess!

Unlike the "devil's picture books"
On which the preacher frowning looks,
Unlike the tricky, rolling dice
So frequently allied with vice,
Chess has a quite untainted name,
As much a science as a game.

The game of soldiers and of kings,
As illustrating warlike things,
'Tis played in citadels and forts,
In tented fields and royal courts.

When knights were gone to war or chase
And days moved on with leaden pace,
Fair ladies oft in pleasant bower
Beguiled with chess a weary hour;
They thrilled in fancying war's alarms,
They marshaled tiny men-at-arms,
Arranged their castles and their knights
And fought their mimic, bloodless fights,
And still with pride of sex, I ween,
Victor o'er all they saw the queen.

When after mediæval night
Learning arose with holy light,

When first the printer's art began
To give its priceless gifts to man,
The first fruit of brave Caxton's press
Was called "The Game and Play of Chess";
O'er saintly song and knightly story
Chess had priority and glory.

No vulgar game of sot or clown,
No fad of fashion or "the town,"
In every land, in every age,
Chess is the game of saint and sage,
And poets have its praises sung
In loving verse in every tongue.

THE BOOK-WORM

To heroes who on battle fields win fame
We do not grudge the lordly lion's name ;
Those who, insensible to others' cares
Are always rough and surly, we call bears ;
And those who learn no lesson from what passes,
The ever dull and stupid, we call asses.

All claim to be a lion I resign,
And shun all bearish traits and asinine ;
Nature has cast me for another part,
And I embrace my lot with all my heart ;
To satisfy an ever-craving need
All day upon the leaves of books I feed,
And then by night I find a resting place
In what by day appeared of books a case ;
Thus day and night I think my title firm
To be that busy idler, a book-worm.

BABY'S LETTER TO GRANDMA

I'm a little baby, and cannot run and play,
I lie in bed and toss about or sleep the livelong day,
I cannot go to see my friends, though some of them
are near,

Or say a word in answer to the questions that I hear.
Though almost every day I hear opinions on me many,
I do not yet commit myself to judgments upon any:
They talk about me to my face, but yet I do not care,
And do the very strangest things at which I only stare.
Not even when the doctor with a lancet cut my tongue,
Did I tell him if I liked it, or if I thought it wrong.
I find that people differ in every kind of way,
Some act as though they did not see a baby every day,
Some handle me so awkwardly I fear they'll let me fall,
And some are not polite enough to notice me at all;
Some wonder I have so much hair, some say my eyes
are bright,

And that I'm like my papa, and mama says they're
right;

And whatsoever mama says I'm very sure is true,
For she's the very wisest one this baby ever knew.
I never cry for nothing and mama always knows
That when I cry there's something wrong with me or
with my clothes,

Though it's never that a cruel pin is sticking in my
skin,

For mama wraps my flannels round and then she sews
me in.

Mama spends all her time with me and all the house
o'erlooks,

But papa when he is not out is poring over books;
I don't believe that papas are really good for much,

I would not give my mama for half a dozen such.

I have not learned to read or write or tell the time of day,

I only know it seems quite long when mama goes away.

I send my love to grandma and aunts and cousins all,

I'll come to see you some fine day when I grow big and tall.

I'm only six weeks old to-day and one foot nine in height;

I've put my mark below this because I can not write;

Some day I'll write again to you after I bigger grow,

At present I must really close — I've told you all I know.

“ MY BABY ”

Who comes on little, pattering feet,
Each night a weary man to meet,
And hath a voice as music sweet?

My baby.

Who clammers on my knee or chair,
And pats my face, or pulls my hair,
And is without respect or fear?

My baby.

Whose cheek of mingled pink and white
Is like the morning's rosy light?
Whose bright eyes shine like stars at night?

My baby's.

Whose tiny teeth are little pearls?
Whose pretty little flaxen curls,
Dear mama round her finger twirls,

My baby's.

Who lies all night in slumber deep,
Or sweetly smiles amid her sleep,
As though of heaven she had a peep?

My baby.

Who wakes as cheerful as the morn,
And hails with joy the day's return,
Each day some pretty way does learn?

My baby.

Who sheds a sunlight o'er our home,
And helps each virtue there to bloom,

Gives brighter hope for days to come?
My baby.

For whom ascends my daily prayer,
That God who has us all in care,
A little one may bless and spare?
My baby.

MY BEAUTIFUL

My beautiful, my beautiful,
My tried and true, my own,
My tender heart and dutiful,
I am, I am thine own.

I spurn all lures of pomp and pride,
Thou art all good to me,
Thy love is like the ocean wide,
Thy love is a deep sea.

Thy love is a great mountain's height,
Thy love a ceaseless river,
My sun by day, my stars at night,
My all of good forever.

THE ABSENT LOVE

I pine for thy kiss, dearest love, as a pearl,
Doth pine for the lips of the sea;
When the scorching sand-eddies hot over it whirl,
It thirsteth as I thirst for thee.

I pine for thine eyes, my love, as a flower
Doth pine for the light of the sun,
When blow the chill winds and the dark shadows
 lower,
And cheerless is even the noon.

I pine for thy voice, O my love, as the morn
Doth pine for the voice of the lark;
I pine as the lark for the sunlight's return
When the morning is murky and dark.

I pine for thy hand on my head as the grass
Doth pine for the fall of the dew;
I pine, but my darling, my longings surpass
All measure — I pine, love, for you.

TO MY WIFE ON HER BIRTHDAY

1854 January 22 1889

Another milestone on life's way,
Dear wife, thou passest on this day !
Each year of mingled sun and shade
Has still thy nature richer made,
Strengthened the heart and stored the brain,
And left a blessing in its train.
To Memory fair the past appears,
But Hope still pictures brighter years ;
Half of the three score years and ten
Allotted to the sons of men
Gray Father Time may say are gone ;
But Time can measure years alone,
Nor knows how far life's harvest time
Outweighs the budding years of prime.
How rich soe'r you count your gains,
Think that the better half remains ;
Nay all remains, for naught can be
Subtracted from eternity.

FRIENDSHIP

Whatever our toil may obtain
Whate'er by the bounty of Heaven
Of things that we never could gain
Above our desert may be given,
If riches and honor and fame
Our pathway of life should attend,
Success would be still but a name,—
We were poor, if we had not a friend.

If the good things of life all are fled,
And misfortune and failure our lot,
If the hopes that we cherished are dead,
And our better deeds all seem forgot,
If darkness seems gathering more
And evils still greater portend,
In all other things howe'er poor,
We are rich, if we have but a friend.

O friendship, delicious retreat
From the cold and indifferent throng,
Heart kindles to heart as we meet
To hail thee with laughter and song!
The burdens of life we can bear,
Its perils all manfully face,
If our souls at thy shrine we prepare,
And strengthened go forth from the place.

SLEEP AND I

On the first day of the week
Sleep and I played hide and seek.
I thought to find him in my bed
And on the pillow laid my head,
But vain were earnest search and prayer,
The little rascal was not there,
But in his stead he sent a mouse
With frisks and nibbles me to rouse.
Sleep tricked and left me in the lurch,
But caught me the next morn at church,
And, for a cause I can't determine,
He held me fast all through the sermon.

A TOO TRUE TALE

The maiden of six years was dressed
Like a young princess in her best ;
Her muslin dress was white as milk,
Her stockings were the finest silk,
Her shoes were of a russet brown
The best that could be bought in town,
Her sash was made of ribbon blue
Three inches wide and nearly new,
Her necklace was a string of pearls
Half-hidden by her golden curls.

The little maid in all her state
Walked through the farmer's garden gate.
She heeded not that it was barr'd,
But entered the adjoining yard,
And there she saw the sheep and kine,
The geese, the turkeys and the swine.
She stood astonished at the view,
The turkeys were astonished too ;
The father-gobbler brave and good
Thought that she meant to steal his brood ;
So in his heavy coat of mail
With flapping wings and outspread tail,
And crest erected on his head
He walked up with a stately tread,
And sent forth from his flaming throat
An angry and defiant note.

The little maiden in affright
At this so dreadful sound and sight
Fled hastily in such dismay
She did not mark the proper way,

But ran headlong into a ditch
Of mud almost as black as pitch.

Her mother heard her frighten'd cries,
And what a sight then met her eyes!
In one short minute what a change!
It was, indeed, exceeding strange.
Plastered from head to foot with mud
The rueful little maiden stood;
The dress of purest white — just think —
Was now as black as tar or ink,
And from the pretty, russet shoes
There poured a dirty, slimy ooze,
And pearls and curls and hat and feather
Were by the thick mud stuck together.

“O dear! O dear! What shall we do?”
Said Bessie's mother at the view;
But the good farmer's wife and daughter
Knew there was virtue in hot water,
And so they put her in a tub
And long and hard did rinse and rub,
Till pearls and curls were clean and bright,
Though hat and sash were ruined quite.

THE MAIDEN AND THE EDITOR

It was a damsel young and fair
Who wrote once on a time
Some verses for the weekly press
In neat and flowing rhyme.

The editor did put them in
Upon his foremost page,
All in a large and handsome type
Attention to engage.

The maiden said unto herself,
“The man is so polite
A sponge cake I will send to him
Fine to both taste and sight.

“It shall be made by mine own hands,
That he may see that I
Am not alone a judge of verse,
But skilled in cookery.”

For maidens, though they be reserved
In use of tongue or pen,
Still like to make their merits known
To handsome single men.

And so her easel idle stood,
And all a long forenoon
From the piano by the wall
There issued forth no tune.

And from the ample library
She no gay volume took,
But only the substantial one
That telleth how to cook.

She conned the trusty volume o'er,
Until she fully knew
Each thing that should be put in cake,
And its proportion true.

And then she left her gay boudoir
With smile high and serene
And sought the lower kitchen realm
She ne'er before had seen.

In confident, imperious tone
Her mandate then she gave
For this and that ingredient
Unto the kitchen slave.

And out of them she did prepare
With taper fingers white
A cake that should the editor
Astonish and delight.

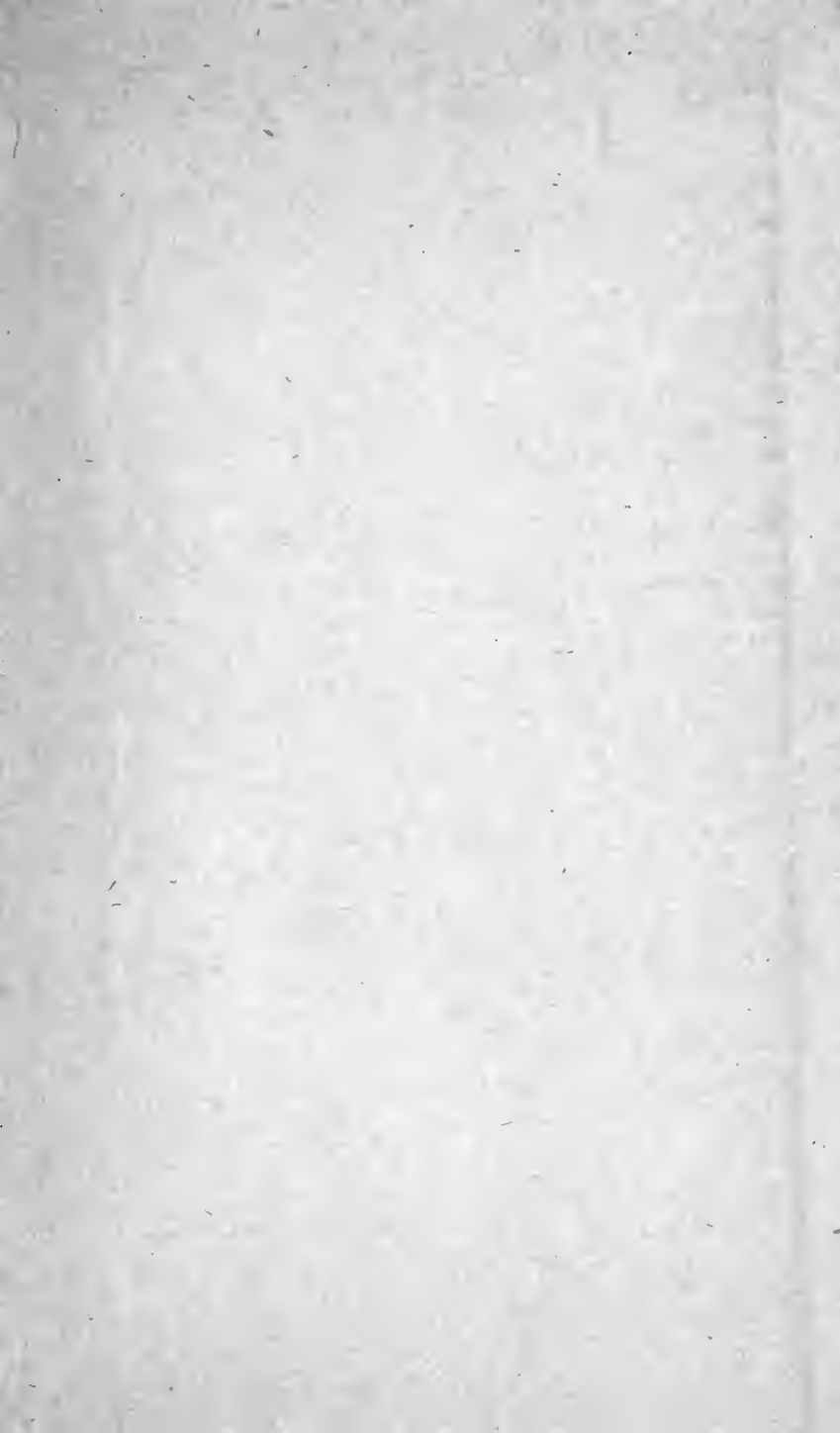
And after it was duly baked
That all might be complete
She wrapped the dainty morsel up
In satin white and neat.

Along with it a perfumed note
Of explanation went,
And in due time the mail received
The scribe's acknowledgment.

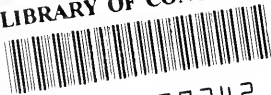
"Allow me, Miss, to thank you for,"
His letter brief did state,
"Your courteous and valued note,
And handsome paper-weight."

It was not said in irony,
It was a pure mistake,
For heavy as a lump of lead
Was that unlucky cake.

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